The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1615 JAN. 3, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

In the Opening Weeks of 1931

THE SPHERE will deal with a very important subject under the title of

A SILENT REVOLUTION:

The continual progress of Motor Roads throughout the World.

The First Article, by ROSITA FORBES, will deal with New Highways in Persia.

DINNEFORD'S

PURE FLUID

MAGNESIA

Indigestion yields to *fluid* Magnesia

Only fluid magnesia should be taken by Adults or given to Infants.

Solid or powdered magnesia has been proved by eminent Chemists to cause trouble by forming hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

Dinneford's Magnesia is fluid and has been proved for over 100 years to be invaluable for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

For Speedy Relief from Nerve Pains

GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND

The SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

have acquired Esher Place, Esher, as a home for 180 girls, and make an urgent appeal for £5,000, which is needed to complete the purchase and adapt the house for its new use. YOU MOTHERS AND FATHERS, with children of your own, if only you could see some of the homes in which children live you would be amazed that such things could exist to-day.

Please send a gift and make your own life happier in the knowledge of having helped others.

"BLESSINGS FOLLOW GIFTS"

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. *President:* H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. *Chairman and Treasurer:* FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, ESQ., *Deputy Chairman:* LORD DARYNGTON. *Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee:* HOWSON F. DEVITT, ESQ. *Secretary:* F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.

164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

E.F.G. Pocket Dictionaries

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, LATIN, SPANISH.

CLOTH, Square Corners, from 1/6 net. ART CLOTH, Round Corners, from 2/- net.
LEATHER, Round Corners, from 3/- net.

Prospectus on application to—EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), Ltd., 6, Great New St., London, E.C.4

"BERMALINE"

THE BEST BREAD

BAKED BY GOOD BAKERS

MONTGOMERIE & CO., LTD., IBROX, GLASGOW

Drink

Apollinaris

Natural Mineral Water

with your Whisky, and enjoy both.

A liaison for "multiple-mileage"

AVON-SEIBERLING

Specify AVON MOTOR TYRES—AVON-SEIBERLING GIANTS

THE MAGIC DROP

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

LET IT CHARM AWAY YOUR COLD

Put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. Breathe the germ-killing vapour .... Notice how it becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. It acts like a charm, clearing the head, liberating the passages of nose and throat, destroying the infection which is the real cause of the cold. Breathe ever-increasing relief with each breath you take.

NEGLECTED COLDS ARE DANGEROUS

Never neglect a cold. It is always dangerous. Colds are caused by infections of the nose and throat, which may spread rapidly and grip the whole system. A single germ, neglected, may become many million by this time to-morrow. Deal with your cold immediately the first symptoms appear—before the infection becomes dangerous.

HOW "VAPEX" ACTS

Use "Vapex" at once. It penetrates all the complicated passages beyond the reach of any liquid medicine. It kills the germs and acts like a gentle stimulant to the whole respiratory system. You can literally feel it charming away your cold by this swift, safe, effective and most convenient method.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

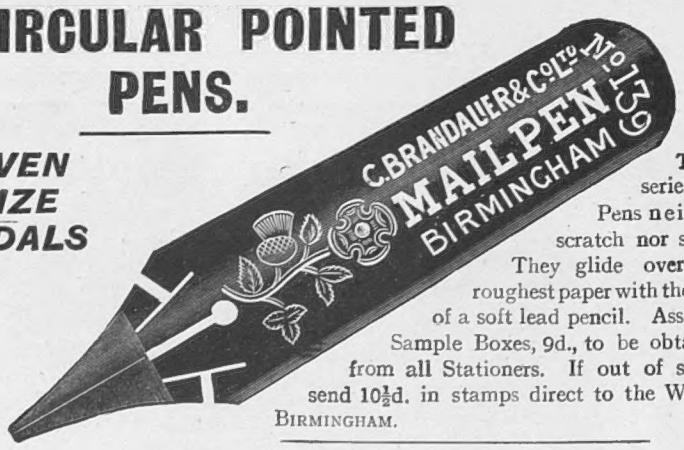
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., BARDSLEY VALE

V. 61

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.,

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS

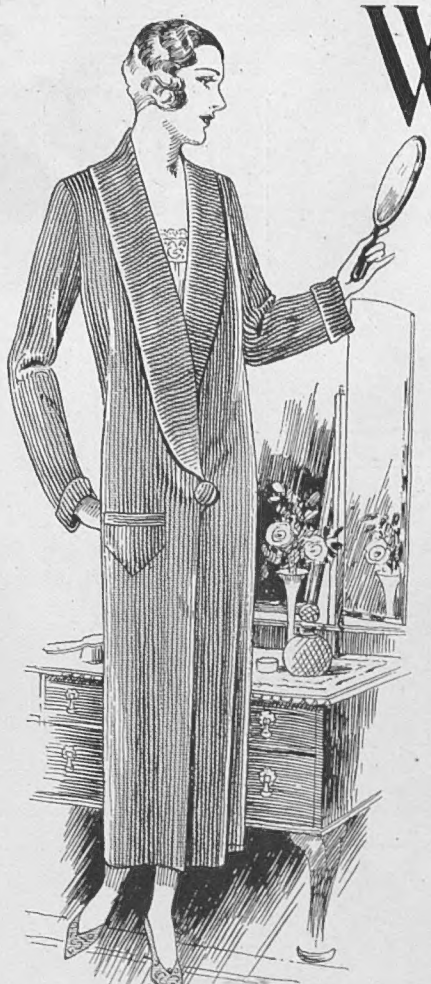


These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 9d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE ST., E.C.**

WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Quality Sale
MONDAY NEXT



No. 63.—Practical **Dressing Gown,** washable, in corduroy velvet, lined throughout with creme nunsveiling. Colours: Rust, rose, saxe, royal and purple.

Sale Price, W., **29/6**
O.S., **35/9**

No. 67.—Becoming **Cross-over Blouse,** made in fine wool with deeply ribbed waist, frill tipped with colours. Full ladies' size. Colours: Fawn, blue, nigger, red, and stone.

Sale Price **29/6**

Book of Bargains Post Free.

Woolland Bros., Ltd. *Knightsbridge, S.W.1*

The Test of Time

It is sixty-five years since Wright's Coal Tar Soap began to be used. Generations of men and women have found this soap unequalled for the bath and general toilet use. Generations of doctors have recommended this soap as a guardian of skin-health and a preventive of infection. Wright's Coal Tar Soap has the confidence of an ever-increasing number of users the world over . . . Goodness is lasting . . . Wright's Coal Tar Soap has been subjected to the Test of Time . . . See how its reputation endures.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap

6d. per tablet

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIV. No. 1615 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 2½d. } London, January 3, 1931

HIGH FLYERS of the CHRISTMAS CIRCUS at Olympia

The circus at Olympia, with its attendant Fun Fair, has developed into a regular Christmas institution. This year, even as in every year preceding it, the Circus is bigger and better than ever. Among the new attractions must be mentioned Captain Tiebor and his twelve sea-lions, whose dexterity is astonishing. The somersault jockeys named Caroli produce a spectacular display of equestrian skill, somersaulting from the back of one galloping horse to another; and there is a very clever troupe of performing poodles trained by Alfred Loyal. Most thrilling of all, however, in a galaxy of thrills, is the act of the Wallendas, who not only ride bicycles on the tight-rope stretched across the roof of the great hall but perform intricate evolutions, two of the team supporting a thin pole on which a third member sets a chair and sits in it, and a fourth member balances on the shoulders of the third—one moment of which incident is shown. Only for the most perilous exploits is the blanket held for this daring troupe.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 31, 1930.

A Happy New Year?—To all readers of the Newsletter a happy New Year, and may the shadows of 1930 ever grow less. In its public character 1930 was a year of crêpe and ebony. Luckily money isn't everything, and financial stringency doesn't necessarily imply universal misery. One can still breathe and take notice with a slightly drawn-in belt. And something is going to happen in 1931. A new and rather blank Heaven has been discovered for us by the scientists. A new, and surely not a drabber, earth must evolve from the post-War melting-pot at last. I promise for you (greatly daring is the man of middle age who persists in prophecy) a General Election, a rationalization of the party system, a triumph for younger and untried politicians, a definite change in fiscal policies, a Russian sensation, and a series of records in floods, fogs, heat, drought, 'sport, and flying. There will be a mild trade revival reflected in a little boom on 'Change. There will be a number of financial crashes before summer. We shall grouse about county cricket's dullness, enthuse over Wimbledon, go mad about the Derby, panic about road casualties, the uglification of England and litter fiends. In short 1931 will be no worse and little different from its post-War predecessors, save as aforesaid.

Sitting in Darkness.—Somehow it happens that those clever mathematicians who have provided us with a new Heaven based on cold logic cannot quite eradicate the religious teaching of our Victorian childhood. Still, as of old, the Christmas message had its strong appeal for me, bringing its bright promises of light and hope. The genius of the Christmas Day message lies in the fact that it is a one long and emphasized promise of light and colour returning to those who have sat too long in darkness. And never did the message come more apt and more comforting than this Christmas. Literally and figuratively we groped in the darkness all through December, seeing, even with the eye of faith, not a pin-point of light through the black dome above our heads. Never do I remember so gloomy an ending to a black year. The significance of an oft-made comment forcibly struck me. It was apropos the customary absence of newspapers on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. The relief brought by a two-days' holiday from bad news and gloomy forecasts seems to have been generally felt. Perhaps the Press has been to blame. Perhaps it has overdone the pessimism of the hour or not sufficiently dissembled the gloom in the interests of the public. For a month past all England has sat in a dark cellar reading the Book of Jonah by the light of a tallow dip. Come, let us cheer up. The days begin to lengthen. In a week or so snowdrops will peep out. In a few weeks the thrushes will be chuckling as you sip your morning tea. Greatly daring, the green shoots of daffodils already extrude from the damp brown earth. Any day in January you may get for a brief hour that April feeling. Let's have a reaction towards optimism to greet the New Year.

Good Resolutions—a List for a Journalist.—If the good fairies came round on New Year's Eve and had middle-aged folk on their lists, I fancy every journalist's wish would be: to be free henceforward from the necessity of commenting on political events. We've had a sickener in that line in 1930. But good fairies are otherwise engaged. So the journalist must fall back on good resolutions for 1931. And these are my selections:—

(1) Never to criticise any political speech which I have not read word by word in Hansard. (P.S.—Even if it is one of Lord Parmoor's.)

(2) To start again with the assumption that public men think more of country than of party, place, and power. (P.S.—Even Mr. Lloyd George.)

(3) Never to indulge in violent criticism or sarcastic comment concerning any religious body or sect or any society to promote a particular social reform. (N.B.—Cranks and clergymen are particularly thin-skinned. The rest of the world adores to be castigated in print. Avoid trouble.)

(4) To split neither confidences nor infinitives.

(5) To avoid superlatives, sensations, personalities, and purple passages.

(6) To keep my public interested and instructed (consistent with 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 above).

Recessional.—It is the Recess—a lamentably brief one. In Parliament the tumult and shouting have died. The captains and the kings have departed, to exercise on their families and in their domestic circles those notable abilities for organization, retrenchment, and reform. The verdict of the country is that this is a form of charity which should begin at home—and end there. The Press of the country has taken the opportunity, while reviewing the business done in the past twelve weeks, almost unanimously to condemn Parliament first and the Government incidentally. The main counts in the indictment of the Government were well tabulated in *The Times*. It has blocked the approach to Imperial Economic Co-operation, the last hope of British trade; it has made suspect British policy in Palestine, caused needless panic among the white settlers of British Africa, and it has been the butt of the Soviet conjurer. It has weakly compromised its own juggernaut Education Bill, navigated the Dye-Stuffs Act on to the clearly-charted rocks of the Upper House, and only been saved from the disaster of a coal strike by the clear-sightedness and resolution of that Upper House which it openly insults. It has mismanaged housing, shirked the Dole problem, and given up even apologizing for unemployment. Such is the indictment of one party in Parliament. One count only is sufficient for the Liberals—for purely party reasons they suffer such a Government as this to remain in office. As for the Conservatives, they are more lightly dealt with. It is held against them that, since the truce inside the party, Mr. Baldwin has produced no very good evidence that unity, energy, and discipline are re-established forces in the party machine. It is a true "obsairve." Let us leave it at that. It is the season of good resolutions and new, clean pages.

Persian Art.—Persian Art, as old as any in our civilizations, was a dark continent to Englishmen until Shah Nasr-ed-Din fluttered the heart of Queen Victoria in 1873 by proposing himself for a visit to his sister sovereign. He came and he conquered, with his jewels and his mystery, peer and peasant, high and low. Like wildfire the catchword went the round of the halls and out into the gas-lit Strand, "Have you seen the Shah?" Having seen him, we began to take a mild interest in his kingdom and its history. This fact alone seems to justify all that Matthew Arnold said about our Philistinism. Certainly our grandfathers missed a great thrill. It is worth while being a live journalist of the 1931 type, if only for the privilege it gives of early admission to Aladdin's Cave. There are things in it which would have justified taking the Golden Road were it thrice as long and dangerous.

Aladdin's Cave.—Where to start to describe these treasures? The little rug or carpet of Joshagan, never before seen by the eye of Westerners. It is not a carpet, it is the eighth wonder of the world; it is a jewel in silk, a miniature. You need a week in which to satisfy your lust for the carpets alone. Then there are the illuminated manuscripts. You could well spend a whole day over the Great Koran from Arbabil which stands nearly 3 ft. high, and is bound in scarlet-veined leather. You could indeed spend several hours happily with a magnifying glass studying one single miniature in this section, one lively, humorous, brilliant little picture of sport or country life in Persia four centuries ago. Then there are the Rosenburg fabrics, enjoying their first airing for 300 years, or the royal gold plate from Teheran, on which design and colour in brilliant enamels run riot; or the gold jug, encrusted with precious stones, from Ispahan. Here indeed are the Arabian Nights come back again in matchless splendour and reality. And in no small measure we owe this unique opportunity, this unequalled thrill, to the generosity and breadth of mind of the present Shah.

Two Strong Men.—The news of Lord Melchett's death evoked very wide regret. He was not always popular, nor the type of which the British make a hero. But of late his reputation with the public had grown in exact ratio with the decay of parliamentary prestige.

THE HAPPIEST NEW YEAR POSSIBLE TO ALL OUR READERS: Old Stager writes—"Let us have a reaction towards optimism to greet the New Year"

Whether he was right or wrong, he was at any rate clear, constructive, resourceful, and strong. For that reason he stood out like a giant among our public pigmies, wobblers, fog-bound pessimists, and clever and destructive critics. Mond and Joffre (who is also in our thoughts) had characteristics in common, though their abilities were of different orders. Each had strength, decision, and calmness; and the first rule in a critical situation is to act—wisely if possible, but at any rate without delay. They were neither of them prone to wring their hands or blame their stars or neighbours. Generals may die in bed but they are as much the victims of their dangerous trade as are privates.

London and its Traffic.—I do not agree with all Mr. Morrison's reforms as Minister of Transport, but his administration in that office is one of the few bright spots in the present Government's sorry record. Mr. Morrison's reforms have been far-reaching, courageous, constructive, and far-seeing. He has grappled with a pressing problem in a way which his Conservative predecessor made no attempt to do. He may have made mistakes but he has not been impotent. His latest reform to be announced is the closing of certain London street areas to motor-coach traffic, and not too soon. The congestion of traffic in the West-End has reached breaking point and street accidents are alarmingly on the increase. It is a satisfaction to know that total exclusion of motor coaches is practically assured from Regent Street, Whitehall, St. James Street, Haymarket, the Mall. The dignity of these ancient, historic thoroughfares deserves no less. Total exclusion also from Piccadilly Circus, Strand, Leicester Square, Charing Cross Road, and Shaftesbury Avenue could not have longer been delayed. All these thoroughfares are henceforth safe from the plague. The larger areas of exclusion are likely to be subject to negotiation and the ban will not be continuous. None must blame Mr. Morrison if in the initiation of the new regulation confusion seem worse confounded. There are rights on both sides. The motor-coach is a popular servant of the public and has been short-sightedly suffered to "dig-in" on ground from which long since it should have been pressed back by a determined counter-attack.

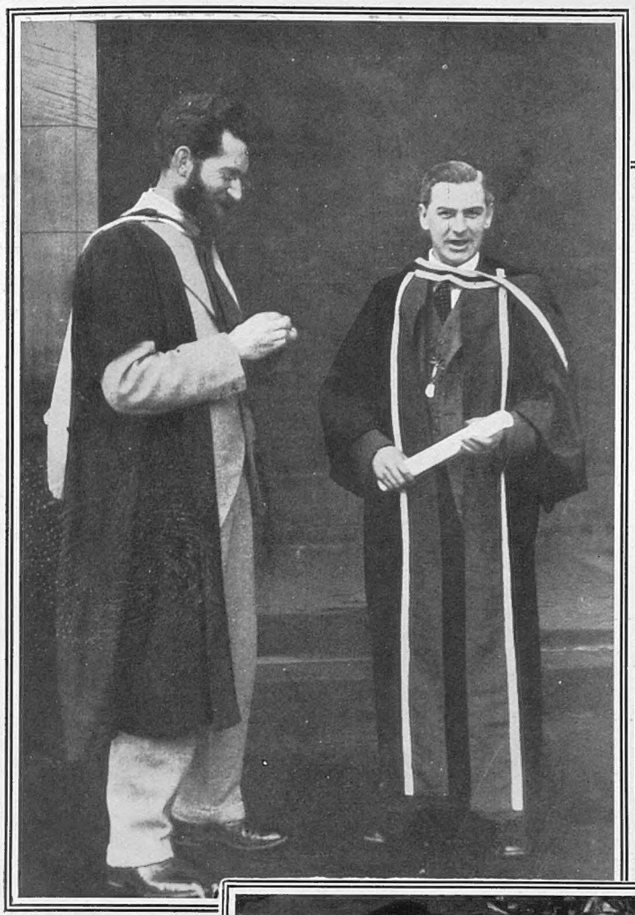
Winter Sports.—Those who are young and have the time and money to spare (can you blame them?) are off to Switzerland for the Winter Sports. They are queueing up at dingy Victoria Station and will gladly exchange the mirk and melancholy of Clapham Junction—their last sight of London—for dazzling blue-and-white days on the big mountain slopes. We shall greet them again when they hobble along the platform in February, brown of face and leaning on crutches. If you don't hunt, what can beat St. Moritz in January, after the gloom of London? The Winter Sport habit resembles the morphia or the grouse moor habit. It grows on you and is difficult to throw off. But you must be strong in body and in nerves. It's the pace that kills. With painful practice ski-ing becomes increasingly exhilarating and decreasingly laborious, but the strain of the evening revels does not decrease. Indeed the hardest work of the day begins at cocktail time in the hotels and there is no rest for the visitor till half-past eleven. Some will tell you that the first lessons in ski-ing, arduous as they are, are not to compare with the jazz racket that awaits the hunter home from the hill. And then there are the Cresta-maniacs. It is a thrill which survives first youth, second, and third youths. There is more than one septuagenarian among women of fashion who cannot be persuaded to forego that fearful joy. Like palsied members of the *Suicide Club* you will find them in their seats on the train, pale but determined.

Chelsea Arts Ball.—Could anything be more apropos than the twenty-first birthday of this famous ball? It is exactly what the doctor orders for *my* particular complaint. A strong dose of jazz and colour and make-believe and to be well shaken. We are all sick of darkness and gloom and workaday clothes and hard material facts. To-night's the night and I shall be there, renewing my youth and regaining elasticity, in an enchanted and somewhat startling setting designed by Brangwyn and Dean Cornwall. They have left almost nothing of the classic conception of Albert the Good. We shall not find anything to remind us of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. Mr. Harris with a huge orchestra will endeavour for seven hours to submerge in a wave of sound Mr. Glover's desperadoes, and over their corpses the pipers and drummers of the London Scottish will play a giddy lament. Jenny Diver will be there, and the ancient Briton with an ochreous and shiny skin, and Dante and Columbine and Juliet and Captain Hook, and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, in the arms of a Friar, Byron and Bunthorne, John Bull and John Chinaman, Lord Dundreary and Lord Tolloller, Aubrey Beardsley and Jane Austin; and among them I hope no one will recognize the discreetly disguised figure of

THE OLD STAGER.

PEOPLE *in the* LIMELIGHT

A Quintette of Interesting Groups and Personalities



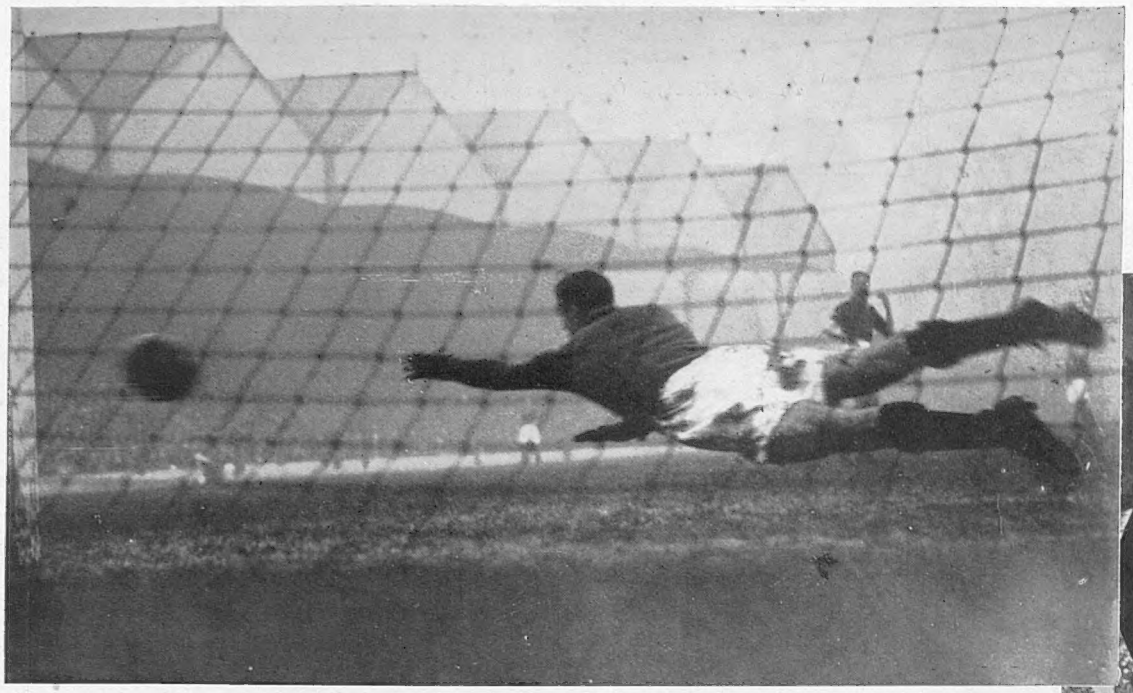
AT QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST: Professor G. Meredith, with Mr. J. Harris (with diploma). Mr. Harris has just graduated as a Doctor of Commercial Science. He is soon to be married, and will then sail to Jamaica to take up an appointment. *On right* is Mrs. Michael Arlen, formerly Countess Atalanta Mercati, and her son, who has not yet been christened

EVE AND THE APPLE: Miss Dorothy Dickson, the charming actress, now in "Wonder Bar" at the Savoy, with a basket of fruit sent her for Christmas.

A SPUR FOR BRITISH TALKIES: Messrs. Malcolm Balcon (head of Gainsborough films), Mr. Firth Shephard, Mr. C. M. Woolf (head of the Gaumont British Corporation), and Mr. Leslie Henson sign the contract (under which Messrs. Shephard and Henson receive £30,000 in advance) to make talkies of "It's a Boy" and "Oh Daddy"

A PRODIGY OF THE FILMS: Miss Dorothy de Borba, who is engaged in Hollywood at the salary — phenomenal for a child, even in Filmopolis — of £100 a week. She is appearing in comedies

How CHRISTMAS *was Spent*— AT HOME



NOT *A WHITE CHRISTMAS !*—*Nor yet a green one was spent by the footballers of the country, who wallowed in mud on soggy ground trying to cope with a slippery ball. The Arsenal goalie is seen above beaten by a shot from a Blackpool forward*

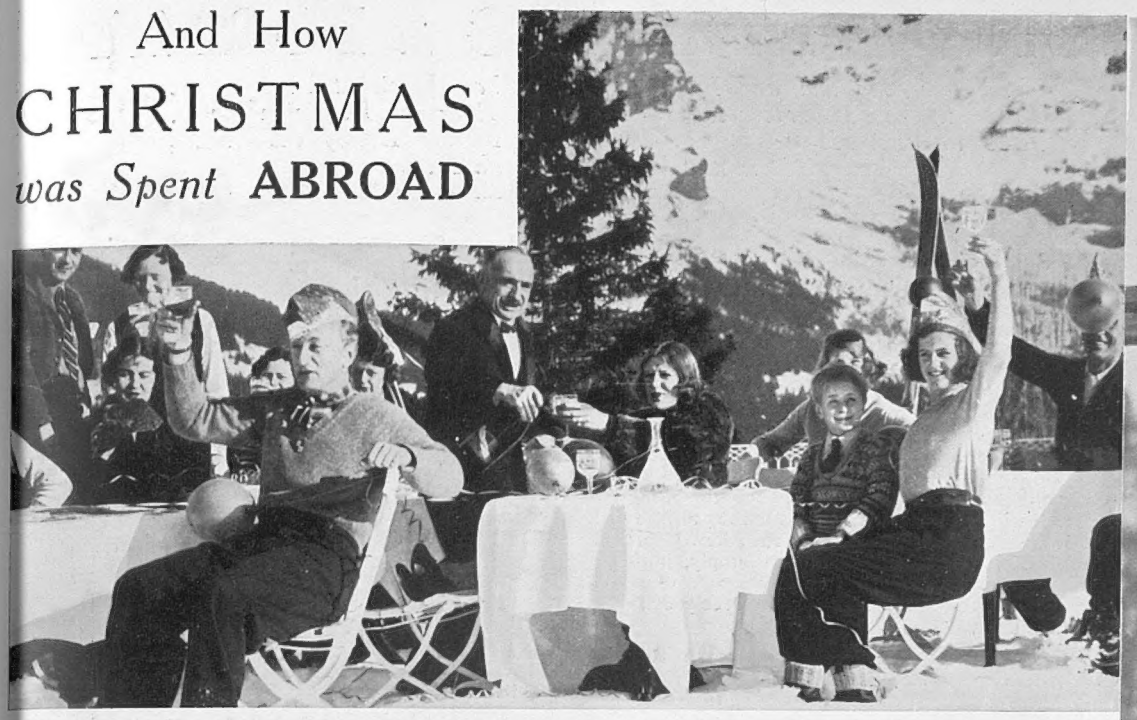
THE G.O.M. OF SPORT : Lord Lonsd receives a bouquet on the occasion of his openi the famous Circus at Olympia

WHERE CHRISTMAS WAS WHITE : The Boxing Day meet of the York and Ainsty Hounds at Scriven Park, Knaresborough, was held in a blinding snowstorm. On Right : *PUNJABIS AT HOME IN LONDON : Nawab Sir Ahmedsaid Khan, of Chattari, and Mrs. Wedgwood Benn, the wife of the Secretary of State for India, with Mr. L. Chaman, Secretary of the Chief Punjab Association at the "At Home" given by that institution at the Strand Palace Hotel just before Christmas*

A HUNTING CHRISTMAS : The Prince of Wales hunted with the Quorn (despite the fact that Prince George had a nasty fall when out with the Belvoir) on the Monday after Christmas. They met at Ratcliffe Hall, Leicestershire. H.R.H. is seen above chatting to Mrs. Burnaby, the wife of the Master

FUN IN THE HOSPITALS : This scene, typical of many throughout the country at the Fe Season, when special efforts are made to entertain kiddies in hospitals, shows a marionette perform in the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street

And How CHRISTMAS was Spent ABROAD



TOASTING AND COASTING IN THE SNOW: A merry alfresco luncheon party on the Alpine slopes whither many eyes, hearts, and feet are turning now that the season is at hand and heavy falls are reported. Despite the low figure reached by the thermometer, so dry and clear is the air that overcoats are unnecessary

LIGHT BLUE TRIUMPHANT: The victorious Cambridge team which won the Oxford and Cambridge Downhill Ski-race at St. Moritz

A FAVOURITE AT PLAY: Lady Peel (better known as Miss Beatrice Lillie) is restoring her energies after the run of "Masquerade" by a course of Winter Sports at St. Moritz

THE SPIRIT OF WINTER—IN NICE! The acquisition of the bronze which gentlemen are said to prefer is a Yuletide occupation on the Riviera, while bathing is not unknown in the waters of the Middle Sea

AFTER THE INDIAN SUNS, THE SWISS SNOWS: Sir John Simon, who, after his strenuous labour on the Simon Commission Report and the R101 Enquiry, is now recuperating in the air of Maloja

A WELCOME REST: Sir Claude Schuster and Lady Raeburn after an arduous ski-run on the justly famous slopes at Mürren

JUNGLE FIGHTING *in* BURMA

The Causes, National and International, that have Precipitated the Present Risings in the Far Eastern Dependency, which Hopes for Dominion Status, Fears to be made a Crown Colony, but Resents Deeply the present Governmental Affiliation with India

By S. G. W. HORNIBLOW

A DENIZEN OF UPPER BURMA: A Shan woman at market at Naungma. The headdress is quite different from that worn by the Kachin tribe

What is to be the future of Burma? This is a question that has received a considerable amount of attention lately in this country, in India, and in Burma itself, but apart from the fact that separation from India—blessed by the Round Table Conference and regarded with a kindly eye by resident Europeans—would now appear to be inevitable, it is difficult to prophesy.

In theory few Europeans would be other than gratified to see Burma enjoying also that full Dominion Status that she asks. In practice, they may be forgiven for entertaining certain misgivings. Whether it can be said that the Burmese people have reached that stage of social and economic development that would make the gift of independence a blessing is questionable. Furthermore, the present rising in the Tharrawaddy jungle country, with its inevitable tale of murders, looting, and sabotage is not encouraging.

The political and geographical position of Burma is at once peculiar and significant. Separated from India by vast stretches of untamed jungle on the one hand, and by 700 miles of sea on the other, it acts as a kind of buffer state between that country and Indo-China. To the Indians the people of Burma bear little resemblance. Of a Mongol type, they are Buddhists almost to a man and are unfretted by the complications of caste and religion which have worked so much havoc in India.

The demand for separation from India is easily understandable. The people of Burma feel that their representation at Delhi—one nominated official and four elected members—is totally disproportionate to their needs, and they allege with some justification, that in all the deliberations of the Assembly, it is India first and Burma a long way afterwards. Incidentally, this is a feeling shared to a great extent by European Civil Servants serving in Burma. Burma feels, too, that she has a real grievance in being called upon to pay huge sums towards the protection of the North-West Frontier, while, at the same time, she has to bear the cost of protecting her own North-East frontier. This task is carried out by a highly efficient force of 10,000 military police, but whether such a body would be able to deal successfully in the initial stages with any serious threat from Indo-China is problematical. To the Burman the North-West frontier is a remote affair, unlikely to affect him either directly or indirectly. Whether this is true, of course, is debatable, but the conviction is there, and convictions are difficult things to shift whether they be right or wrong. In addition it would be idle to deny that little love is lost between the great mass of the people in Burma and the million-odd Indians living within their boundaries. This feeling is at all times apt to break out in open violence, as happened in the recent riots in Rangoon, when both Burmese and Koringis (natives of Coringa) were killed and wounded. The Burman feels that the Indian is there to undercut him in the wages market, to exploit his country at his (the Burman's) expense, and finally to retire to India with all that he has made out of Burma and the Burmese.

This view is not altogether just, for while the Indian immigrant usually is thrifty and industrious, the Burman inclines rather to indolence and free spending. This last characteristic makes him an easy prey to the Indian moneylenders who exist all over Burma, lending money at extortionate rates, and playing no mean part in fostering the mutual dislike between the two races.

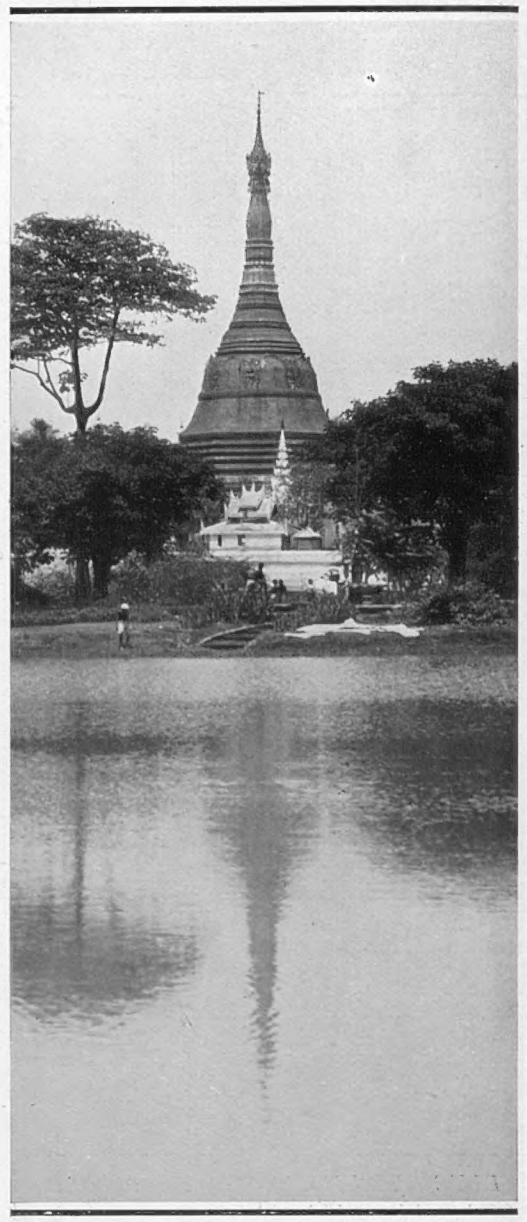
In justice to India, it must be said that she is possessed of no violent desire to retain her administrative connection with Burma—particularly now that feeling in Burma is so strong against that connection. At the Round Table Conference the Indian delegates have been at some pains to demonstrate their sympathy with Burma's aspirations in this direction, for they realize that India cannot do without the rice, kerosene, petrol, teak, etc., that Burma can supply, and they appreciate the inestimable advantages of a friendly Burma dealing with India on a reciprocal free trade basis.

So far, so good. Relationships between the British and the Burmese, on the other hand, are not quite so happy as they have been in recent years, and resident Britons are likely to need all the tact they can display in the near future. Your Burman is a simple soul at heart. Sturdy in build, happy-go-lucky and cheery by nature, he also inclines to quick temper, and is easily worked upon by skilled agitators. The unrest in India, accompanied by its vile campaign of calumny and abuse of all things British has inevitably had its reaction in Burma. Indian seditionists, inspired and assisted often enough by Moscow, have been quietly at work with Burma's own malcontents, and to a great extent they have worked up a feeling of suspicion of the European that will take a considerable amount of destroying. On the one side they have played on national vanity, and on the other they have played on racial antagonism—always latent between peoples of a different colour.

The Tharrawaddy rebels are the direct result of these teachings. The price of rice during the past year has slumped heavily, and as rice is the staple industry of the country, a considerable amount of hardship and unemployment has been caused. Hungry men are dangerous men, and these have proved fruitful soil for mischief makers. "The wicked European," they have been told, "is to blame for all your troubles. European millers have worked between them to keep the price of rice low, so that they can exploit the fruits of your labours and wax fat. In this they have been helped by the Government." Starving and illiterate men are easily inflamed by this type of propaganda, and when magic charms, guaranteed to turn aside the swiftest bullet, have been issued out all round, it is an easy step to take to the jungles and begin an orgy of burning, looting, and murder. Retribution will come in the form of troops, executions, and levies—but in the meantime a few of the wicked Europeans will have been murdered, loot will have been gained, and "a good time will have been had by all."

Whether, in the event of dominion status being granted, Burmese officials and Burmese-officered military forces would be able to deal effectively with their turbulent countrymen, and protect the lives and property of Europeans living within their boundaries is open to question.

The Burmese argue, and rightly, that theirs is a large, under-populated country capable of great development. Given a free hand they could devote themselves to that development with more wholeheartedness and with better results than under the guidance of an alien race. On the other hand they are apt to overlook the fact that the delicacy of Burma's position lies in her situation directly between two densely-populated countries such as India and China. So long as Britain maintains a firm hand on the reins of India little may be feared from that direction. China, on the other hand, will always remain a potential danger, although at the moment negligible.



Ewing Galloway

A BEAUTY OF BURMA: One of the great pagodas in the immediate neighbourhood of Rangoon. Pagodas (zedis) are of four classes: containing relics of a Buddha; garments of the Buddhas; books and texts; and statues of the Buddha

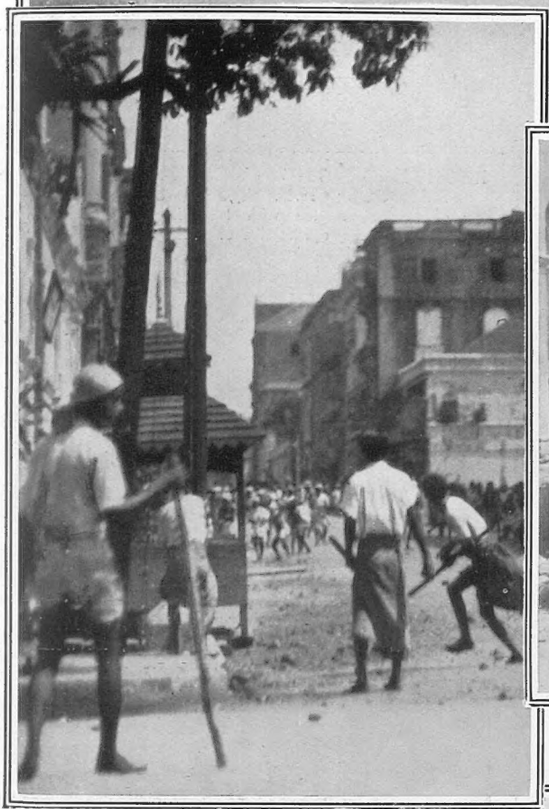
Growing distrust of the British is, unfortunately, one of the most potentially dangerous factors in the situation. This is fanned and kept alive by the sedition-mongers who have already half-convinced many of the people that Britain is not only losing her grip on India but is about to lose control of that country altogether. "Because of this," they say, "Britain will agree to Burma's separation from India merely as a preliminary measure to securing Burma to herself as a Crown colony." This belief is widely held and has been voiced in the Burma Legislature on a number of occasions. Consequently care and tact will be needed if these suspicions are to be quietened. Normally the Burman is a friendly and intelligent individual. What feeling there may be against us is as yet but half confirmed. Open dealing, firmness, and the avoidance of such elementary blunders as have been made in India in recent years alone can restore confidence.

ROUNDING UP THE RIOTERS: Koringis demonstrators, who had been fighting the Burmese, rounded up by the police

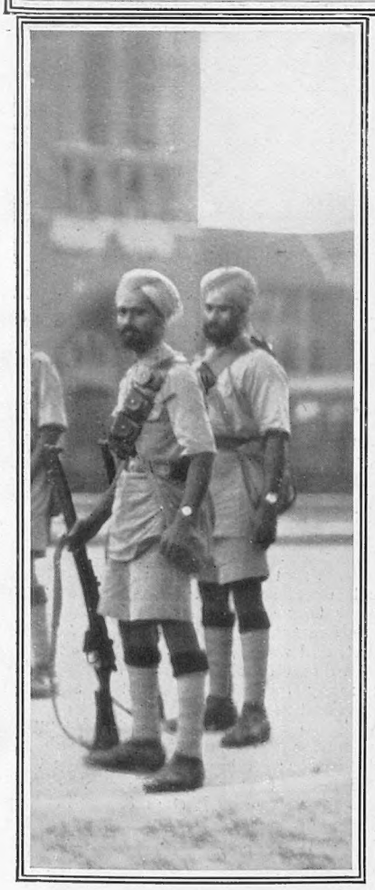
RIOTS *in* RANGOON :

Burmese Extremists Adopt the Gandhi Policy to Force Britain to Dissociate the Country from India

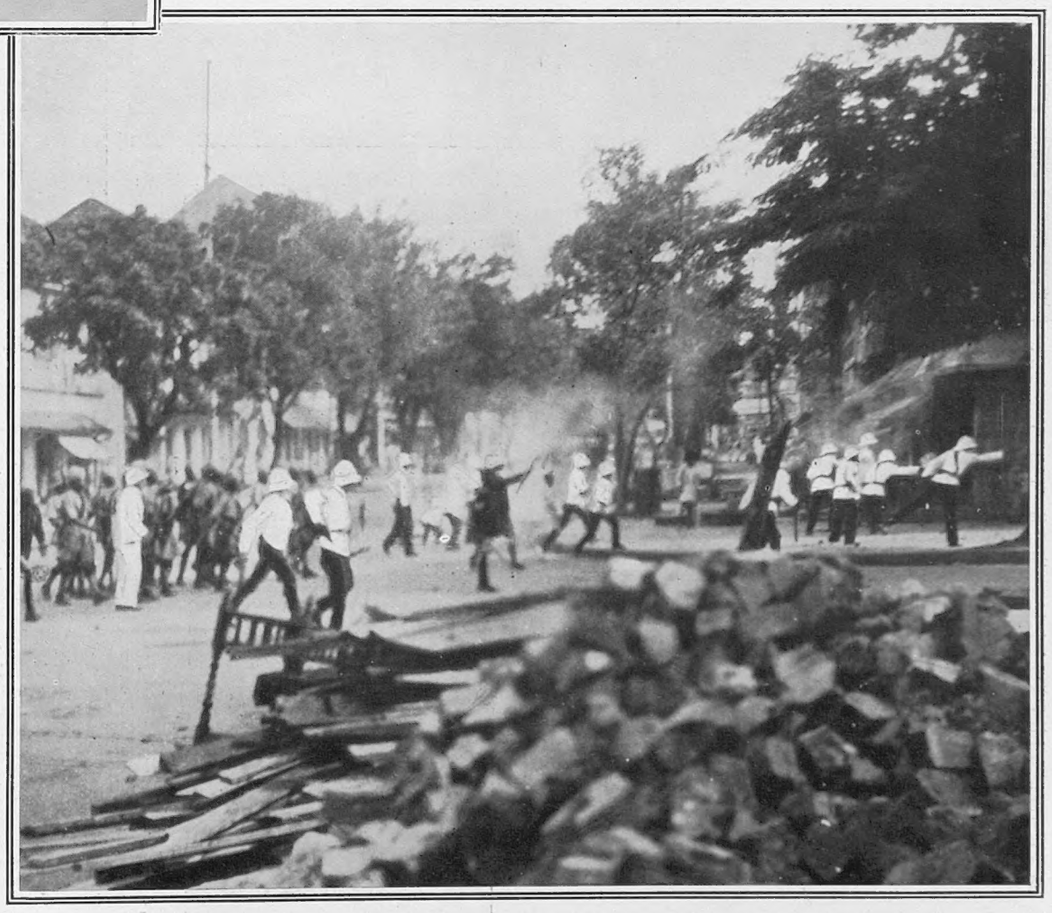
THE RIOT: A scene in Rangoon during the incursion made upon the Indian element by the natives of the dependency



"STREET SCENE": A deserted street after the "Rickshaw War" in Rangoon. *On left* is a couple of rioters armed with staves



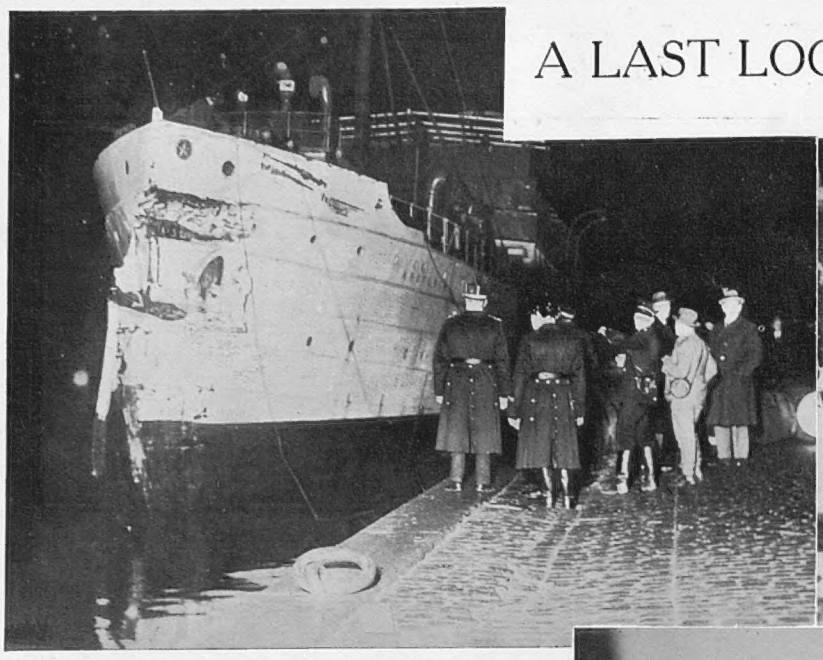
THE MILITARY POLICE



THE RIFLES OF AUTHORITY: Police firing on the Rangoon rioters during the recent disturbances

As we go to press the latest news from Burma shows that the centre of disturbance has shifted from Rangoon to Tharrawaddy, where open warfare has been joined in the jungle. A force about 1,000 strong, composed of the Buffs (East Kents), the 2nd-15th Punjabi Regiment, and the Burma Rifles are opposed by an insurrectionary "army" of about the same number. The rising began with the Christmas Eve murder of Mr. H. V. M. Fields-Clark of the Indian Forest Engineering Service. Rebel casualties at Tharrawaddy are reported to be heavy, but despite their magnificent rifle-work the Government troops have not yet penetrated the jungle stronghold. Part of the jungle has caught fire and the smoke has impeded the advance of the English. The Government, it is authoritatively stated, will pursue its decisive policy against the rebels who come from the south-east of Tharrawaddy and the north-east of Insein. It is asserted with confidence that the rising was organized in advance and without any attempt to represent grievances. The thunder of gun-fire is to be heard over an area of 30 miles.

A LAST LOOK ROUND



THE SURVIVOR OF A TRAGEDY: S.S. *Arcturus*, which collided with S.S. *Oberon* and sank her with the loss of forty-one lives including those of J. W. H. T. Douglas and his father

INSPECTING THE WORLD'S BIGGEST HARBOUR: H.E. Sir George Stanley, Governor of Madras, at tea with Mrs. Bhanoji Rao when inspecting the construction of Vizagapatam Harbour

WHITE TO PLAY: Miss V. Menchik in play against F. D. Yates, the English crack, at the eleventh Hastings Chess Congress

Yevonde

THE MOTHER OF A CHRISTMAS BABY: Mrs. Cunningham Reid, daughter of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley and sister of Lady Louis Mountbatten, to whom a son was born on Christmas Day

BLACK TO MOVE: Mr. F. D. Yates, the English chess star, in play against Miss Menchik, the woman champion of the world

THE MASTER: Señor Capablanca, whose chess is superlative, considers his move in his match against E. Colle during the Hastings Chess Congress

REPRESENTING ENGLAND: Mr. J. H. Tylor in play at the eleventh Hastings Chess Congress where many stars of the chess world have assembled

The Passing of LORD MELCHETT

An Appreciation

By SIR HARRY BRITTAIN

By the passing of Lord Melchett we have lost one of the great master minds of England.

He has left us at the very zenith of his intellectual strength, and the Press of this country and of the world is rightly filled with tributes to his worth in the commercial and political life of his native land.

There was an extraordinary effect of force—or it may have been some form of magnetism—exercised by Lord Melchett over an audience. More than once I have listened to him addressing a conference of business men. At the beginning of his speech there may have been differences of opinion with regard to his views, but the sheer logic of his mind, his depth of vision, his grasp of detail, and his obvious grip of the subject, usually resulted in ultimate unanimous acceptance.

Again, in the House of Commons, I well remember him rising in the midst of a heated debate to take up a line which was anathema to the Opposition of the time.

Interruptions continued for a while, but each challenge was answered by a reply so swift and so obviously to the point that his opponents gave up all attempts at attack, and, doubtless in spite of themselves, listened intently to every word.

At the end of half-an-hour a roar of applause from his supporters marked the finish of one of the finest fighting speeches I ever listened to in the Commons.

The real human side of a delightful companion, of a genial and loyal friend I learnt, as did many another, in the course of happy days spent as his guest at his Hampshire home. At Melchet, surrounded by his family and a gathering of old friends—often the same friends year after year—he cast aside the worries of the great world and became the carefree, easy-going host, ready to take his part in anything and everything that transpired. On a Saturday morning in November, the only thing that mattered was the weather outlook, the direction and strength of the wind, and the all-important question as to how the birds would fly. With a gun in his hand he was as happy as a schoolboy; he loved to see good shooting and took the keenest delight in the enjoyment of his guests.

LORD MELCHETT: World figure and loyal friend

Then in the evening, at the head of an old Refectory table, he was the life and soul of the party, ready to engage in any subject that cropped up, usually lighting it up with more than one flash of original thought.

He loved Melchet, and well he might, for this charming country house in one of the fairest of England's counties afforded many an instance of the shrewd judgment and exquisite taste of its owner.

As a little illustration of Lord Melchett's all-round knowledge I remember one day seeing him walking about the house with a stranger; on inquiring as to who the stranger might be I learnt that he was one of Vienna's greatest art experts. For some little time I joined them on a tour of inspection of certain treasures and listened to the discussions which followed. Before the visitor left he turned to me quietly and said, "His Lordship is really amazing. I have been at this kind of work all my life. I do nothing else, but he knows as much as I do on each of the points we have discussed, and often he knows far more."

But behind all this wonderful breadth of knowledge there was never the slightest suggestion of superiority.

Lord Melchett will be remembered by us all as one of the outstanding figures and intellects of the age, but I like to think that some of us will also keep in mind the memory of a great-hearted, kindly, and devoted friend.

RELIC OF ANOTHER WORLD, CAPITAL OF THIS: Quebec, most enigmatic of great cities, seen from the St. Lawrence. The citadel and the Château Frontenac—the old portion of the province capital—are shown above

CHRISTMAS *in* OLD QUEBEC

A City Unique in the World in its Mixture of Progressiveness and Traditionalism Offers the Observing Eye and Understanding Spirit Endless Delight

By GORDON BECKLES

One hundred years ago—in the days when stone walls were still a protection—the lords of Whitehall spent five million sterling of the British taxpayers' money that Quebec might have a new citadel worthy of the "Gateway to Canada."

No enemy was ever destined to assault those massive bastions and redoubts that still frown vainly down upon the sluggish St. Lawrence from the heights of Cape Diamond above the city. Yet Quebec still stands as a citadel should, defending itself—stubbornly and gallantly—against all that North America has dubbed "civilization." So incredibly successful has been this defence that Quebec, always one of the most paradoxical of cities, is to-day showing every sign of a healthy retrogression!

In a continent where the new and the artificial are worshipped for their shiny efficiency—Toronto grows more American-looking every year—this ancient fortress glories in remaining not only one of the great capitals of the French-speaking world, but a shrine of Old France such as not even the parent-country itself may show. When you consider that 171 years have passed since the last sealed despatch was received from the Palais du Louvre on the banks of the Seine, that since then a republican empire of five-score millions has sprung into being to the southward, that through this Laurentian gateway have passed nine-tenths of those whose stock has raised Canada from a few barricaded settlements to a 3,000 mile long chain of towns and cities—and then, if you will take a walk with me in "modern" Quebec, you may observe not the least strangest contrast that the world of cities can offer to-day.

You are awakened in Quebec (until you get used to it) by the tolling of church bells in the early hours of the morning; it is a city where no prospect fails to reveal some variety of religious edifice, and each church seems to take its turn that the chimes may be kept ringing the sleep out of the citizens from five o'clock onwards.

On the particular occasion of which I write I had landed from an ocean liner late the night before after an absence of some years. In the darkness the city seemed much the same as other cities built on the side of steep hills, while the great Château Frontenac at the crest invested the place with a cosmopolitan brilliance that—it turned out—was utterly foreign.

Sleepless, and interested to know just how much the city had changed, I crept out of the hotel into the darkened street and crossed the Place d'Armes, which seems still quite the loveliest little square in all that part of France lying west of the Place de Vosges. You turn down at the right corner, if you are going—as I was—to the Basilica Church, and at the corner still stands the modest cottage inhabited for many years of his life by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. To-day it is a café shop.

Yes, Quebec seemed just the same . . .

In front of me was the sign over a shop, "*Importateur de Drogues, Produits Chimiques; Remèdes Brevetés, Parfums, etc.*" and a vista of high-shouldered houses leading down to the Lower Town. On the right stands the Archbishop's Palace with its *pavé* courtyard flecked this morning with the fallen leaves of autumn, and its customary air of discreet well-being—a comfortable and spacious *château* if ever there was one.

The Basilica Church adjoins the Palace, and although the outside seems forbidding with its bastions of grey stone, once through the felt-covered doors and you are presented with a vision of spotless white enamel paint and gilt such as no other church in the world may boast. What a place for a Christmas Day service!

I remembered the first time I had been taken to the Basilica Church as a boy and the impression of glamour it had left upon my mind. All the more fascinating then to find that it was all just the same. Even at this early hour there were numerous supplicants scattered about the pews; old women in black shawls, their hair drawn tight back into a minute comb, and four young students from *Le Petit Séminaire* of Laval University next door. Just by the choir there is a "Crucifixion" canvas by Van Dyck, and the altar-piece is by Lebrun; high above the chancel is a red cardinal's hat suspended from the roof.

It is an enchanting and gay place of worship.

Cities wake up differently according to their personal characteristics. London greets the morning in a heavy, somewhat sluggish manner, like an old gentleman who has been drinking too much port the night before. New York seems never to go to sleep sufficiently long to make the arrival of morning much of an affair to be worried about; Rotterdam gives the impression of a city with an enormous breakfast appetite completely satisfied.

But there is something about the hour of seven o' clock of the morning in a French provincial town that is without any parallel: an air of every housewife having risen hours before, of soap and buckets of hot water, of the slow opening of chestnut-painted front doors—each fitted with a lace-cloaked glass panel—and of the wholesale emergence of housewives on to the giant flagstones whose cleanliness is a hallmark of the house's good repute.

And that is just how Quebec wakes up, row on row of dull little bourgeois houses, each with its china door handle and bell-pull, and promise of parsimonious respectability.

It was while I was walking back to my breakfast that I became aware of the enemy at the gates. There was a distant noise of cheering, and round the corner swept two charabancs full of what appeared to be some mysterious clan of Highlander.

They pulled up at an hotel fifty yards further on and released their human freight, which seemed, almost to a man, to be rather uncertain as to the precise functions of their legs. Moreover, they were not Highlanders at all—they were Babbitts.

Their tam-o'-shanters bore the crest of a big American manufacturing corporation, and their war-cry consisted of occasional alcoholic snatches from that well-known epic amongst talkie tunes, "Happy Days are Here Again," punctuated by much cacophanous noise from coloured rattles.

They had crossed the border to Montreal and taken the night boat down the river, ostensibly to hold a sales congress, but actually to get as drunk as thoroughly and completely as the hospitality budget of their employers would permit them. And their appearance in such a setting was as surprising, as æsthetically shocking as would be the sudden re-appearance of the Prince of Darkness in Heaven.

I felt sorry for them, but really they had no business in Quebec, and if it were not for the slender sky-scraper that swept up out of the mist before me they would have looked even more incongruous.

This sky-scraper—as slimly exotic as a young girl in an old curiosity shop—is the only new building that the city seems to have countenanced for the past fifty years. It breaks the skyline that stretches from the time-ball at the top of the Citadel, down along the Dufferin Terraces, across the great bulk of the Château Frontenac, over the dome of the Post Office that once controlled all Canadian mails, to the baroque tower of Laval University.

In every other way this city, where nine out of every ten persons is French-speaking, French-read, and French-thinking (though thinking not in the way of France to-day) has changed not one bit.

Little Champlain Street is still paved with great baulks of timber, the Anglican Cathedral is still the typical garrison church of the Empire, and the centre part of the Hôtel Dieu Convent little changed from that day two hundred and fifty years ago, when the Duchesse d'Aiguillon (the niece of Richelieu) sought spiritual satisfaction by a generous endowment for its building. Ordnance carts still gallop round corners with their khaki-clad drivers and grooms—but there is none of the nasal slang that has crept over the border everywhere else in the Dominion of Canada and so embarrassed Canadians when they are mistaken, in their own Motherland, for Americans. . . .

Wait, there is one fairly new building, the C.P.E. Depot, which you may reach in one of the curious high-wheeled *calèches* which ply for hire around the city, and which provide their fare—that he may not freeze to death in his draughty perch—with a colossal fur rug, while urging on their horses to the cry of "March *donc* . . . march *donc*."

Toronto's sky-scrapers carry the feeling of the "new" Canada which believes in Yankeeism, while Winnipeg and Vancouver are—no matter how British their internal sentiments—outwardly American cities. Quebec is regarded by them as something far older than the Old Country itself—the home of a lot of *habitants* who "don't know any better." Yet Quebec, safe behind the citadel of its traditions, and protected by the caution of its peasant-moulded mind, is not so certain about modern efficiency.

In the evening of that day when I was startled by the arrival of the consignment of roystering Babbitts I stood on the broad planking of Dufferin Terrace and watched a 20,000-ton liner slip right up under the nose of the Citadel on its thousand-mile journey down the river to the Atlantic. And there came up to me presently, confused cries of "Happy Days are Here Again" from the wharf beneath. The disciples of "civilization" were being loaded on the river boat for reshipment back to Montreal.

At that very wharf there once lay H.M.S. *Albemarle*, whose commander, after many months of West Indian cruising, came ashore for a round of the hostelries. At the Chien d'Or he fell madly in love with the niece of the proprietor, a certain Sergeant Miles Prentice. Quebec looked so good to this young man, and the maiden so fair, that he decided there and then to leave the sea and settle down in the city. One night he was kidnapped by his fellow officers who took him back on board H.M.S. *Albemarle*, thus preserving for future glory the young man whose name was Commander Horatio Nelson, R.N. That, however, has little to do with Quebec. I doubt if more than a few of the citizens know the story. It is a little too modern for them.

SURVIVAL: Where Toronto boasts of its taxis and trams, Quebec rests peacefully in its one-horse shays, although one is not limited to such transport even in this most conservative of cities

JAPAN'S GREAT FESTIVAL: Like Scotland, Japan holds high ceremony on January 1—for the Empire of the Rising Sun celebrates her New Year on the same date as the West she is so ardently emulating. Above is a Temple Bell, symbolic advertisement in front of a grocer's shop on Grinza (Silver Street) Tokio

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.—"There is no real danger of a Revolution in Spain."

It was an optimistic declaration that General Berenguer, Spanish Prime Minister, made to me in Madrid. He made it, too, on the day that the Spanish editor of a Madrid newspaper laid down his editorial pencil, resigned his position, picked up a revolver, went to the Ministry of War, and fired off a shot into the ceiling just as the Premier was stepping into the lift, "as a protest against the social conditions in Spain, of which Your Excellency is a representative."

Scarcely a week later, Ramon Franco, famous Spanish aviator whom General Berenguer had imprisoned, and who had escaped, endeavoured to make the Spanish people a Christmas gift of a Republic of Spain. Dismal failure. Ill-prepared, poorly organized, the "revolution" collapsed before it was on its feet. The prestige of Major Franco, national hero of the air, has suffered a hard blow.

With Colonel Emilio Herrera, I visited the military aerodrome on the edge of Madrid. Between fifty and sixty military 'planes were there. Major Franco, whom the police were seeking everywhere, was close by as I subsequently learned.

Under Major Franco's leadership this Royal Air Force turned rebel for an hour, one of the first Air Force "revolutions" in history. Much havoc could have been created in Madrid by these aerial squadrons, but the only "bombardment" consisted of the paper leaflets they dropped. A very short artillery barrage around the aerodrome, and the Air Force "revolution" quickly came to an inglorious end. The "uprising" at Madrid was confined to four 'planes. They came down in Portugal where Franco is now in safety. Major Franco apparently believed himself Destiny's choice as revolutionary leader in Spain. He has discovered that piloting an aeroplane, which responds to the controls, and trying to pilot a revolution that doesn't are two different things.

The air is still "young" so to speak. Leaders of peoples have not yet "come down" to us from the clouds. Aviation has made great progress since the World War. There are many notable figures in it, daring pilots, inventors, technical, designing and constructing geniuses. But, strangely enough, as yet few great personalities. In my wide acquaintances in air circles, I know but two whose personality is greater than their work. They are Dr. Hugo Eckener and General Italo Balbo, Mussolini's Minister of Air.

CALENDAR REFORM.—Seasonable wishes for the "coming twelve months" may soon have to be extended to thirteen, if the Calendar Reformers have their way. Government, commercial, scientific and private circles are represented in force by groups such as the International Fixed Calendar League and the U.S. Committee on Calendar Simplification. Many important firms state that they have already adopted the year of thirteen months for their internal business with success. President Hoover supports the movement as a national innovation in America.

The idea is to replace the present Gregorian Calendar by an international calendar of thirteen months, each month to have twenty-eight days, except December which would have twenty-nine days, the twenty-ninth being a public holiday. In Leap Year, June would also have twenty-nine days and a public holiday. The thirteenth month composed of the last thirteen days of June, and the first fifteen days of July would be called Sol.

The assembly of the League of Nations has authorized consideration of Calendar Reform at the Fourth General Conference on Communications and Transport, scheduled to meet at Geneva this year. The originator of the scheme, Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth, was inspired to start his campaign some forty years ago, during his service in the Traffic Department of the L. and N.E. Railway, when his work emphasized the unnecessary confusion caused by the vagaries of the Gregorian Calendar. Since then, Mr. Cotsworth has travelled in twenty-three countries making propaganda for Calendar Reform.

When the question is raised at Geneva some twenty-four nations will be represented by Committees. These nations include the United States, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Hungary, all the chief South American States, Mexico, and Cuba. Mr. Cotsworth travelled in the Far East last year endeavouring to interest Japan and other Eastern countries in his reform plan.

Active opposition comes from the Jewish League for Safeguarding the Fixity of the Sabbath, led by Orthodox rabbis. This League is seeking to raise a fund of £20,000 to defeat the League of Nation's Fixed Calendar proposals. The Seventh Day Adventists and Seventh Day Baptists have also organized propaganda and are distributing literature in the same intent. The returns from an inquiry amongst Protestant clergy show that 80 per cent. see no objection to the proposed change. The Holy See "finds no objection from the point of view of dogma, but as regards the traditions of the Church, the question, together with that of the fixation of Easter will be submitted to an Ecumenical Council."

Russia, with characteristic independence, has solved the question in sweeping fashion. The Revolutionary Calendar consists of twelve thirty-day months each containing six five-day weeks. The five "odd" days are public holidays. New Year's Day, according to this Calendar, is celebrated on November 7, no doubt in memory of the establishment of the Soviet regime by Lenin on November 7, 1917.

FORD OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.—Thomas Bata, the "Boot King" of Europe, manufactures 120,000 pairs of boots and shoes a day, or 31,200,000 pairs a year. He is determined to shoe the world from his factory at Zlin in Czecho-Slovakia. Not content with despatching travellers and representatives by steamer, train, and automobile to the four quarters of the earth, Mr. Bata is ordering British de Havilland cabin aeroplanes for the speedier and more up-to-date transport of salesmen and samples. The two that I saw up at Stag Lane Aerodrome the other day have already been delivered at Zlin.

Commercially ambitious as he is, Thomas Bata knows no limit to the ambitions he cherishes for the well-being of his employees and the development of the younger generation. He has established a five-day week, and provides facilities for sport of all kinds during the long week-ends. Education, health culture, and self-reliance are the qualities he endeavours to instil into those under him. The existing fine hospital at the disposal of the factory-workers is being enlarged. For each child born to one of his workers, Mr. Bata establishes a fund of a thousand crowns bearing interest at ten per cent. The money is in trust for the child, available to give it a start in life when most needed. He does not allow any of his young men employees to accept any money from home. Paying them adequate wages, he demands that they be self-supporting even at the ages of fourteen and fifteen years. And following his guidance as to the budgeting of their modest resources, even the youngest manages to save something, thereby early acquiring a sense of economy and independence. Thomas Bata, contrary to many, if not most employers who preach economy on principle, declares that the first factor in making a living is to earn the money, to spend what is necessary to the best advantage, and only then to save what can be spared.

He has given his castle as a club for his employees, lives modestly in a small villa, from where he dreams his dreams and materializes visions such as the building of a twenty-three storey skyscraper at Brno, now under construction.

"An amazing personality," the late Sir Sefton Brancker characterized him after his visit to Czecho-Slovakia this summer.

THE JAPANESE NEW YEAR.—January is the month of picturesque festivals in Japan. The Japanese New Year also falls on the same date as our own in the West, and provides seven days of celebration. Seeing the Old Year out, and ringing the New Year in, is observed in the Flowery Land with much ceremony.

Preparations for the Pine-Days as the first seven are known, begin during the month of December, and involve the purchase of new clothes and new household utensils. Every house is subjected to a thorough cleaning called "Susa-Haria" or "Soot-Removing," so that no sweeping may be necessary on New Year's Day, when it would be unlucky for something to leave the house. Pine branches decorate every room and corner, as well as being tied in bunches with red and white thread to broom, bucket, and chop-stick handles. The "Shimenawa" or "7–5–3 Rope," composed of such luck-bringers as rice-plants, sea-weed, and dried chestnuts, hangs over the front entrance, with oranges and lobsters. The latter symbolize Old Age because of their crooked backs.

The first bucketful of water drawn on New Year's Day is known as "Youthful Water," and all members of the family wash with it. Visits are made amongst friends, families feast on "Zoni" or "Miscellaneous-Preparation," and "Toso" the "Liquor of Long Life." Pilgrimages in the "Blissful-Direction" ensure a blissful year. The nearest prototype of Western carol-singers, is the "Manzai" or "Ten-Thousand-Years" an exorciser of evil, who visits every door singing a song of Exorcism, and wishing Good-luck to the house and its inhabitants.

January 1 is a day of perfect rest, but January 2 is the day of "All-Beginning," when actors, singers, professionals, students, and school-children undertake their first practice for the coming year. The 7th sees the end of the festival. Pine decorations are removed, and the Seven Plants Gruel of Rice, prepared with singing as a charm, is eaten to bring twelve months of good health.

January 15 and 16 are holidays for apprentices, maids, and servants, who generally only have two holidays a year. On the 15th, Emma, the Judge of Hades, rests from his duties. Whatever one does on that day, he or she will not be judged by Plutan Emma, himself in holiday mood. No fewer than thirty-eight street fairs were officially announced last year for these days, in Tokio alone. They are held in the thoroughfares of the city, and last well into the night.

THE MART IN THE TEMPLE: Tor-no-ichi, the festival of the end of the year, celebrated in the shrine of Ohtori, Asakusa, Tokio. Ohtori is patron god of the capital. The shrine is crowded on festal days for 24 hours. The sales of bamboo rakes in the compound is seen above

A SILENT REVOLUTION

The Penetration of the World by the Motor Highway

Ewing Galloway

THE ROAD OF LIFE THROUGH A LAND OF DEATH: Even the great Death Valley of California, once impenetrable, is now pierced by a motor road which has transformed the famous Bad Lands of Corkscrew Canyon and the Funeral Range from a veritable and hideous Golgotha into a favourite resort and bizarre beauty spot for motoring tourists

On this page we desire to introduce to our readers a short series of articles dealing with the silent revolution which is going on all over the world. Silent, that is, in the matter of the notice which it is obtaining from the general Press of the world, although, as a matter of fact, this movement is adding to the general racket of life all over the globe. Every country is witnessing the steady triumph of the petrol-driven vehicle and the extension of motor highways. We have selected this picture from among many to typify the way in which the worst stretches of country are being penetrated by the ubiquitous car and lorry. One is gazing down on a medley of inhospitable hills; round the corner comes the inevitable car. The road in this case is none too good but it is a roadway and has evidently a well-defined right and left division of traffic. We have from time to time had occasion to refer indirectly to the great extension of motor highways in Northern Africa and the jeopardy in which it places the future of the camel caravan. The slow pace of two to three miles an hour cannot compete with the motor lorry even on the roughest road. Not only in Africa but in Arabia, Persia, and India the motor lorry and the motor coach are pushing their resistless way. Mountain tribes are learning the handiness of the motor-bus as a means of getting to market, and even in distracted China motor highways are being built or extended. In fact there is no district in the world where the throb of the internal combustion engine is not heard.

A Silent W

All over the world the petrol-driven lorry is making its way, supplanting the traditional transport of the district, be it camel, donkey, mule, horse, or even yak. "The Sphere" proposes to present to its readers a series of articles dealing with this economic and social phenomenon, the first of which, from the pen of Rosita Forbes, the famous traveller in the East, appears below. Herein is told the tale of the difficulties and dangers, the thrills, disappointments, and triumphs attendant on the new roads in Persia.

The Convoy: Three-ton Dodge trucks on the 600-mile trek between Duzdap, Baluchistan, and Meshed—a journey cut down in time by 75 per cent.

All over Persia the camel caravan is at a discount. Except in the great salt desert, the Dasht i Kavir, which occupies the centre of Persia, and in its southern neighbour, the dreaded Sea of Sand, the Dasht i Lut. American lorries have taken its place.

A few years ago mules were the taxi-cabs of Persia and dark-skinned dromedaries, roped head to tail, its omnibuses. Caravans of the latter used to ply between the cities with legendary names, Isfahan capital of Shah Abbas, Meshed, the Place of Martyrdom, and Shiraz, whose inhabitants "have honey instead of speech." They averaged two miles an hour. Each camel carried a 500-lb. load and died—presumably out of spite—if asked to carry 510 lb. The leading beast bore a deep-toned gong hung round its neck and a chime of bells depended on each side of its head, so that many an old-time traveller must have been saved by the peal which rang steadily across the uncharted wastes. To this day the camel men will not sell their bells for it brings them bad luck. Sometimes they are engraved with dragons which, as every desert traveller knows, is the form taken by the unworthy dead who have in life committed some such crime as refusing water to a wayfarer! But with the coming of the lorry, 1½-ton Chevrolets and 2-ton Dodge trucks, legend must die. The tortoise which to the muleteer was the spirit of a man who overloaded his beasts, so that for a thousand years he must carry his house on his back, becomes no more than ground game whose roasted flesh is eatable when provisions fail.

During the last six years there has been evolution in Persia. The provincial towns are being Americanized by means of huge streets, sometimes as much as a hundred feet wide, driven at right angles through walls, houses, and mosques, irrespective of private property. Garages are taking the place of the old caravanserais. Electric light is dawning in the cities.

Where, six years ago, the traveller thought himself lucky if at the end of an eleven-hour drive in a sort of Victoria drawn by relays of post-ponies, all of them with sore backs, he found a fortified mud building with a watch tower at each corner, wherein, in too close communion with beasts and baggage, he might spend an insect-ridden night, to-day there is a garage advertising "B.P." and Russian spirit. It is built on the same principle as Haji Baba's khans, with a square court surrounded on all sides by a double row of cubicles, but lorries take the place of mules and camels in the lower series, while their passengers, who bring their own beds, sleep in comparative comfort above. Sometimes there is a tea *khané* attached to the garage, where the seats and the table tops, the shutters and possibly the door or a couple of the walls are apt to be made of flattened petrol tins, which in the new motor-driven Persia serve as roofs for all sorts of buildings, not to mention the domes of mosques, tombs, and *Imamzadés*.

When Lord Curzon travelled from Tehran to Meshed, he took twenty-eight stages and found it, to say the least of it, monotonous. I believe he remarked that there could be no possible reason for anyone to traverse such a "road" except to get to the end of it. To-day the six hundred odd miles are traversed by lorries laden with cotton for Askabad, Russian sugar for the capital, or piece goods for Afghanistan in just over three days and three nights. The roads, of course, are still only indications of where one day arterial highways will run. No attempt has been made at camber or surfacing. They are broken by water-courses and cut into innumerable pot-holes by the passage of heavy traffic. Sometimes they disappear altogether, and the track meanders across a shifting sands of a desert or over a chute of rocks under one of those sudden mountains which appear glued without foundation all over a Persian landscape.

Transport of To-day: A lorry in it

In the course of one generation, the present Shah is intent on forcing a new and material development which would normally occupy a century, and cannot be denied that a considerable measure of success has so far attended Faced with what, six years ago, would have appeared the superhuman t welding into one nati collection of vastly dif races, tongues, and creeds of breaking the power tribes who preyed each neighbouring province, Baluchis on Kirman, the mans on Khorasan, the sevand on Azerbaijan, the and Kashgais on the sou relied first on a well-arm regularly-paid army, but less on a system of com roads which opened up country and, policed by ef road guards, now link the mercial towns. Educati the Pahlevi hat, symb civilization, followed i wake of the roadmaker 8,000 miles of passable tracks limited the scope raiders who for cen existed by levying toll fr unapproachable stronghol above a caravan route.

The Normal Manner of Travel in Baluchistan: The slow oxen which are being displaced by motor-lorries

The lorry, bound journey that averages 600 miles, goes four tim fast as its predecessor gravely supercilious dron but in Persia it only av 8 to 14 miles an hour, it is owned by a free-lance driver who has to c at cut-throat prices with innumerable optimists. like himself have bought their vehicles on the hire-pu system prepared to run them till they fall to pie the trucks are always overloaded. I used to sit after hour on a light lorry meant to carry under tw beside some little Armenian driver, red-eyed, dust dishevelled, with a notice on the dashboard, "Overl voids your warranty," and four tons bumping from rut on a sagging axle behind us.

Bogged in Salt: The lorry, unloaded, being dug out of the salt desert between Shiraz and Yezd—an incident recounted above. The lorry had, a short time before, broken through a salty crust of the soil

Once, between Shiraz and Yezd, where there is camel-track that self-respecting lorries do not at the truck on which I rode, sank into the salt crust of the and with seventy miles of desert all round us, we unload a double cargo of tea and candles, dig a trench the lorry, take off the wheel on one side, sink bales b

LD REVOLUTION

iumph of the Motor Highway

I. Persia and its New Roads

By ROSITA FORBES

the axles, replace the wheels and drive out of the trough on the not very solid foundation of somebody else's groceries. This happened twice, but the third time the truck heeled on to its side with the mud-guards out of sight and having poured all our water into the radiator, so that in a sandstorm with a temperature of 105 deg. Fahr. we had nothing to drink, we were obliged to wait until a donkey caravan came to our rescue. The complacence of the tribesmen who accompanied it reminded me of the bailiff of the late Emir Idrissi of Asir, who brought me a message from his master offering the loan of a Ford. "But if you wish to go fast," added the silk-clad henchman, "you had better take donkeys."

Between Kirman on the south-western edge of the Sea of Sand, which is one of the worst scars on the earth's surface, an epitome of desolation wherein nothing animal or vegetable can survive, and Duzdap—which means Thieves-Water—originally a well known only to Baluchi raiders,

ita Forbes, the author of this article, travelled, seen on the borders of Seistan

now an outpost of Indian commerce and rail-head of the Quetta line—there is one stretch of 200 miles which appals the local drivers. Camels cross it at night in eleven stages, and one English driver, Mr. Ward of the Standard Carpet Factory, habitually rushes across it, taking three days to do a distance for which Armenians and Persians, Russians, Sikhs, and Baluchis allow ten or twelve, so that the natives believe he knows a secret way across the dreaded Shurgaz and try to bribe him into revelation.

Actually Mr. Ward's "secret way" consists of pace at the right moment, a light load, and strips of matting which he lays under the wheels. The Shurgaz is a river bed, dry in summer, whose soft sands shift as they are blown about by a torrid wind from the Dasht i Kavir. Sometimes a dune lies across the track, but patience, good spade work, and the invaluable matting got Mr. Ward, his bales of carpets for New York via India and myself across the treacherous six miles of the Shurgaz in half as many hours, though we had allowed a maximum of twelve for the stretch in which overloaded lorries are apt to sit motionless for a fortnight.

The pilgrim route from Duz-

The Windmill of Seistan: The sails or sweeps are made of straw and turn a grindstone below by means of a primitive gearing at the end of a long pole. It goes round sideways

lap to Meshed offers every kind of excitement o its unfortunate drivers, who always start between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. in order to traverse a hundred-mile stretch of desert during the first night. After this, if their miserable passengers, clinging limpet-like on top of huge bales of Indian goods for Khorasan, do not protest with sufficient ferocity, they are apt to drive night and day for a further seventy hours till, bloodshot and

Sole Landmark in the Desert: A lorry *en route* to Shurgaz at Nadir's Tower, built by Nadir Shah to guide the army he led to India against the Moguls

half demented, they stagger into Meshed and sleep for two days. Strong tea sustains them during the day and opium or cocaine at night. Tyres burst so frequently and so thoroughly that by the end of the 600th mile the covers are likely to be stuffed with straw, bits of bedding and desert scrub, which invariably goes on fire, in spite of the pace being reduced to a crawl not exceeding 2 m.p.h.

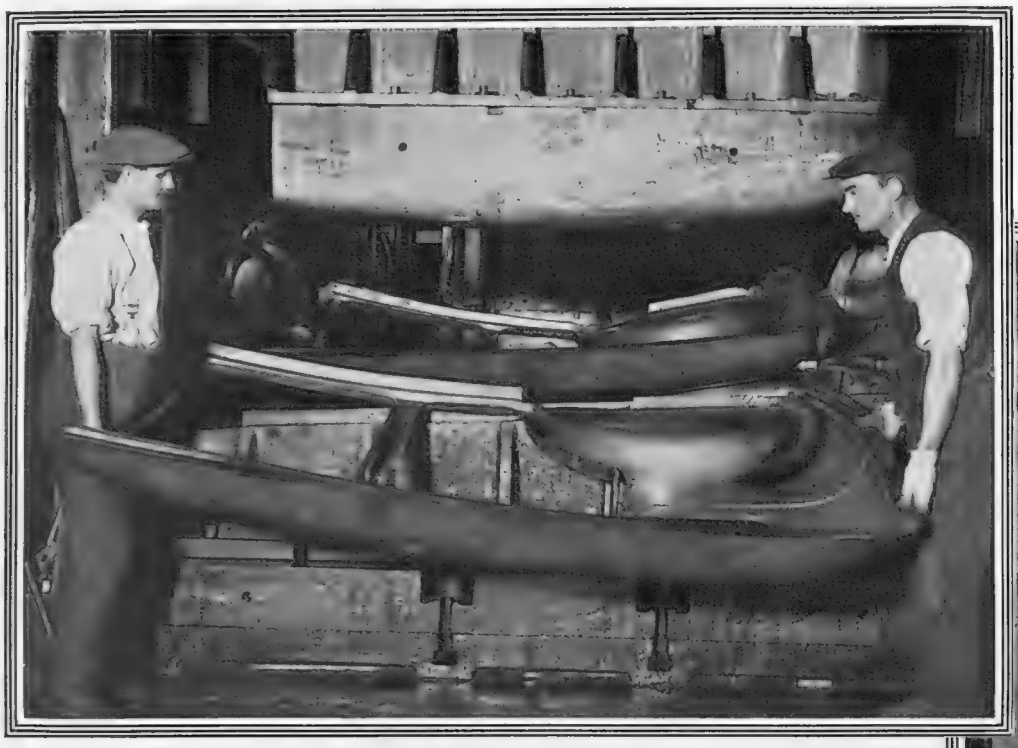
Among all her new roads, each one contributing to the security and modernization of a province, Persia is, perhaps, proudest of the highway which has recently opened up Luristan by cutting through the centre of the great Zagros range. For 150 miles, from Dijful, the temporary head of a new railway which will some day link Tehran with a new port on the Persian Gulf, to Khoremabad, army headquarters in the south, it is picketed like the Khyber Pass. Every mile or half mile there is a watch tower strongly garrisoned, and each one is within sight of the next, for Lurs and Bakhtiaris are not yet quite convinced that their old and profitable habits of raiding must be given up in favour of agriculture and a settled life.

This road is an engineering feat of which Persia may justly be proud, for it runs through country hitherto considered impassable except for mules, and it owes its construction to the initiative of the Public Works Department which employed only native engineers and local labour. Seven battalions of troops were engaged in protecting the working parties. For five years these fought, backwards and forwards, across the persistently advancing road, tribesmen whose ancestors had withstood the assaults of Medes and Parthians, of Alexander, of Antiochus, and of Tamerlane, with the result that to-day an arterial highway runs triumphantly through one of the most fertile provinces of Persia into the carpet cities of Sultanabad and Burujird, and so to the capital.

A Habit of Lorries in Azerbaijan! So frequently do tyres burst that the end of the journey is usually reached on straw stuffing if not naked rims. But still they come

Motor Car BODIES *in* MASS PRODUCTION

A Record of the Pressed Steel Co. Innovation



PRESSURE: This shows the body side being pressed in one piece. The door openings, the rear quarter window, and the wheel-arch into which the rear wing fits, are all made out of the same piece of steel

TWO SIDES AND THE BACK: The units of the tonneau for a pressed steel panelled body being welded together. The machine used was developed by the Pressed Steel Company especially for its purpose, and is the first of the kind in the country

THE LARGEST STEEL SHEETS EVER PRODUCED IN ENGLAND: The great slabs out of which whole sides of motor-cars are made. The original sheets measure 104 in. by 64½ in. by ·043 in.

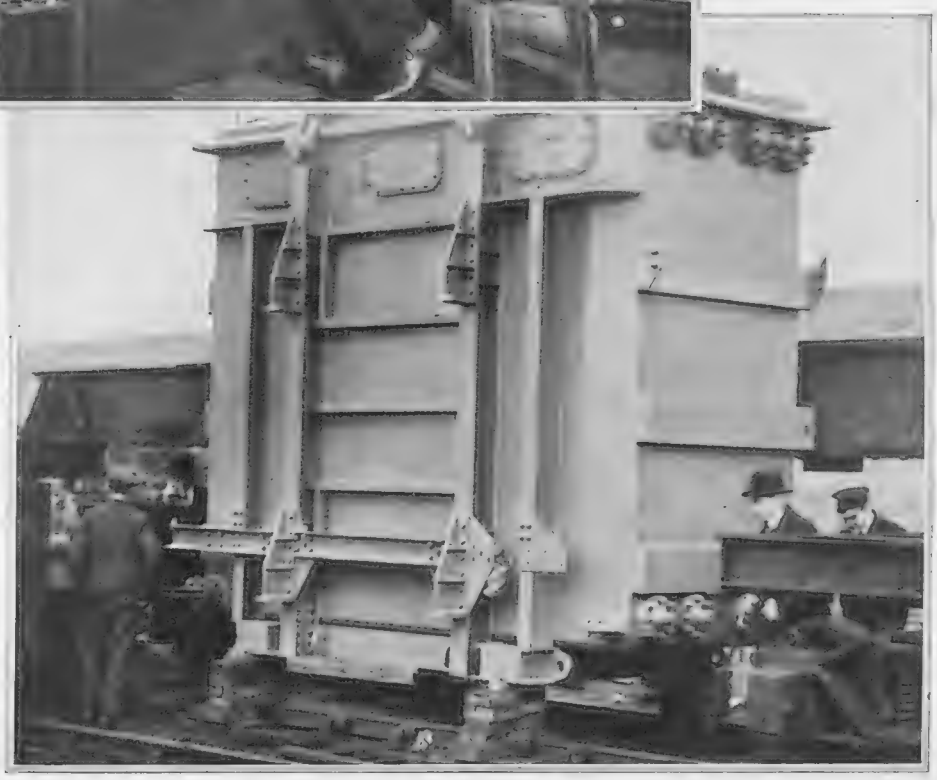
It was four years ago that The Pressed Steel Company of Great Britain was formed to study the problem of body structure raised by the great increase in motor transport. In order to cope with it, an enormous factory had to be laid down. A capital of almost two million sterling was required. Moreover, thousands of tons of ductile sheet steel (specially finished) had to be provided annually. Sheet steel in such quantity of the quality required had not been produced in this country hitherto. Assisted by the co-operative efforts of The Pressed Steel Company and its technical staff, British steel companies are now producing steel for this particular purpose, in sufficient quantity, of a quality and finish unsurpassed anywhere.

IN THE BODY ASSEMBLY DEPARTMENT: A complete all-steel body leaves the shop for the finishing departments. The lightness of the construction is shown by the ease with which two men are able to carry the entire body. In the foreground, on the right, is seen one of the side-units ready for assembly into the complete body

MECHANICS

The Latest Wonders of Engineering Science

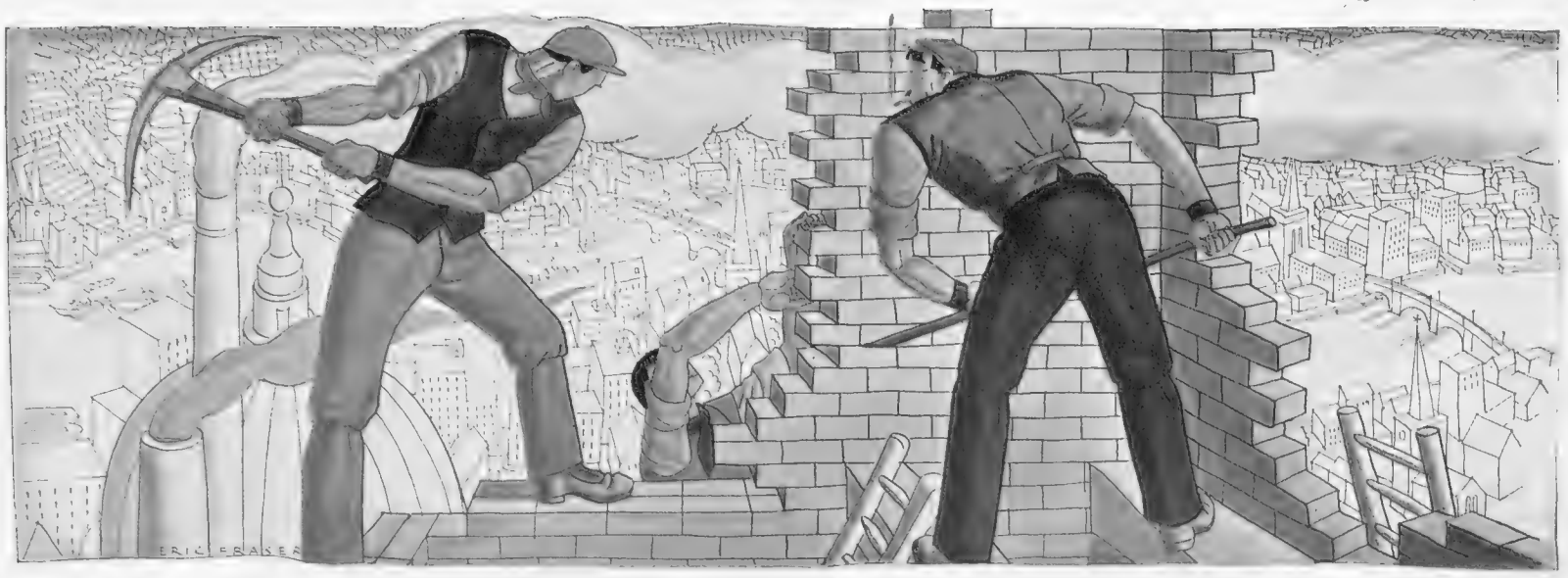
On left—
THE "ROBOT" SIGNALMAN: One man in this control-cabin in the L.N.E.R. wagon-marshalling yards at March, Cambs, is able to deal with 2,000 wagons in twenty-four hours by pressing various buttons on a board. These buttons are able to shunt and brake wagons into any one of fifty-one sidings, each having a capacity of ninety wagons. The cabin windows are set on the slope to avoid reflection or refraction and yet give a clear view in all directions



ON A RECORD TRAIN: A 32-ton drum transformer slung between two specially constructed trucks on a vast freight train which left Walthamstow for Lincoln the other day carrying the record load of 124 tons. The consignment consisted of 32-ton drum transformers and sixty tons of accessories for the Central Electricity Board

THE GREATEST OF BRITISH DAMS: The work in progress on the Melten Dam in South India. The towers seen above, 306 ft. in height, give some idea of the stupendous character of the structure. The dam was inaugurated in the summer of 1925, and work has been in progress ever since despite the set-back suffered in the floods of April, 1929. When finished, Melten will be the greatest block of masonry in the world; the reservoir to be formed will be surpassed by only two others in existence; 1,853,000 cubic yards of concrete weighing over 3,000,000 tons are to be used, and the reservoir will hold 93,500,000,000 cubic ft. of water. The over-all length of the dam is over a mile. Each tower is capable of pouring 1,660 tons of concrete in a day of ten hours. 301,000 acres of land will be added to irrigated country by means of this gigantic scheme. It will be completed by 1933, and even then a year will be occupied in dismantling the plant. Two crores of rupees (a crore is 100 lakhs—roughly £1,000,000) have been allotted to the scheme

TEARING THE EARTH ASUNDER FOR GOLD: A gigantic gold-dredger at work near Sacramento, California—one of the newest types of engineering devices installed in mines. At first glance it bears a curious resemblance to a 16th-century ship with four masts. These steel pillars do, in actuality, support an upper control platform



Drawn by ERIC FRASER

TRANSFORMERS OF THE TOWN: An impression of housebreakers at work on one of the taller buildings of London, undeterred by the hazards, unmoved by the dangers, of their perilous task

A GUILD *of* ICONOCLASTS

The Housebreakers of London

In this era of architectural transition, the demolishers of old London are to be seen on every hand, poised precarious on crumbling masonry, silhouetted against the reeking dust of buildings shattered by their own hands

By HERBERT JEANS

No doubt when execution by beheading was in fashion there were curiously-inclined persons who wondered how the headsman learned his work—upon whom he practised, and which was his first real job.

A similar thought must have passed through the mind of many a wayfarer in the London streets as he has watched the housebreaker following his calling at a dizzy height above the pavement level. And there the analogy must end. In the case of the housebreaker it is the operator who occupies the position of danger, and a mistimed blow is likely to be harmful to nobody but himself.

That the housebreaker is engaged in a hazardous calling must be evident to everyone who has seen him nonchalantly plying his trade on the wall of the top-most storey of a building, from which the staircases and all other apparent means of access have been removed. Sturdily he cuts away with his pick his slender foothold. Every moment it seems that he must fall with the tumbling masonry; and yet he never does fall. And so we come to wonder how he was taught his trade.

As a fact there is not much teaching about it. Housebreakers are born not made. Housebreaking is essentially an A1 man's job; perfect health and complete lack of "nerves" are indispensable to success in the craft.

Obviously it is a job on which no monkeying about can be permitted. Lads fresh from school, therefore, who are generally apt to be frolicsome, are never employed on the work, the commencing age seldom being under from 18 to 20. In some cases the housebreaker has an hereditary aptitude for the work, as the son not infrequently follows the trade of his father. Practically the only tutor is Experience, and the more intricate or hazardous jobs are given to men who have proved themselves in that severest of schools.

The ideal age for the perfect housebreaker is between 20 and 30. A man may continue to work aloft until he reaches the age of 55 or 60, but as soon as he begins to see dangers which are not apparent to younger men, he is employed as a groundman, his job then being to clear the debris and load it up into carts for removal.

As in all other callings, some housebreakers are cleverer at their work than others. The more efficient men are the first to be engaged on a job and the last to leave it; and with the orgy of pulling down prior to rebuilding that is going on in London just now there is little, if any, unemployment among such men.

Speaking in general, the army of housebreakers is made up of a body of men as sturdy in character as in physique. They are as a rule bound to no particular employer but migrate from firm to firm and from job to job as occasion arises. They have no special Trade Union of their own, although individual members may belong to one of the great Building Trade Unions.

This independence is apt at times to cause concern in Trade Union circles. The officials of a Building Union recently approached a well-known housebreaking contractor to protest against his employees working overtime at a period when the Union was seeking to check the practice. The contractor explained that it was by their own wish that his men were working extra hours, and that he was practically helpless in the matter. The Labour officials went away threatening to bring pressure on the men themselves. This they endeavoured to do, but were met with an unequivocal answer couched in such forcible language that they retired defeated and the housebreakers continued to work their own hours untrammelled by any Trade Union.

If the journeyman-housebreaker has a weakness at all, it is for collecting lead, in whatever form he may find it. In fact lead is to the housebreaker what a hare is to the poacher. Nowadays, all valuable structural items, such as rare chimney-pieces and stair-cases, are removed from a building before work under the actual demolition contract is commenced. All that then remains becomes the property of the contractor; but if anything in the shape of lead is discovered the housebreaker's sporting instinct is at once aroused, and, if he sees a chance of getting away with his quarry, he promptly appropriates it.

GODS OF THE PICK-AXE: A sight very frequently seen in London which to-day is undergoing an era of architectural transition. In the heart of the City the spectacles provided by these demolishers are highly dramatic

A short time ago, a contractor who felt determined to put a stop to peccadilloes of this character brought a police court charge against three of his men for stealing about 1 cwt. of lead from a certain job on which they were engaged. The men were convicted and fined £1 each. On leaving the court they adjourned to a neighbouring public-house where they met several of their workmates who received them as beings more sinned against than sinning, and loyally subscribed the sum they were out of pocket by the conviction.

Apart from this little weak joint in his armour the skilled house-breaker is a stalwart warrior in the ranks of industry. The insurance companies, recognizing that his work is more venturesome than the average, charge a higher premium for this class of risk than for most others; nevertheless, accidents are comparatively few, and this is due to the fact that the dangers of the occupation are more apparent to the onlooker than to the phlegmatic worker.

An age of machinery has done little or nothing to aid the housebreaker in his work.

To men of this stamp working at altitudes becomes what is called second nature. On a chilly morning recently, a constructional engineer who, through a pair of field glasses, was examining the steel frame of a building in course of erection noticed a pair of boots standing without a wearer on the flange of a girder 200 feet above the foundation level. He asked what was the meaning of their being there, and was told that one of the workmen had taken off his boots as he could hop about on the steelwork better without them.

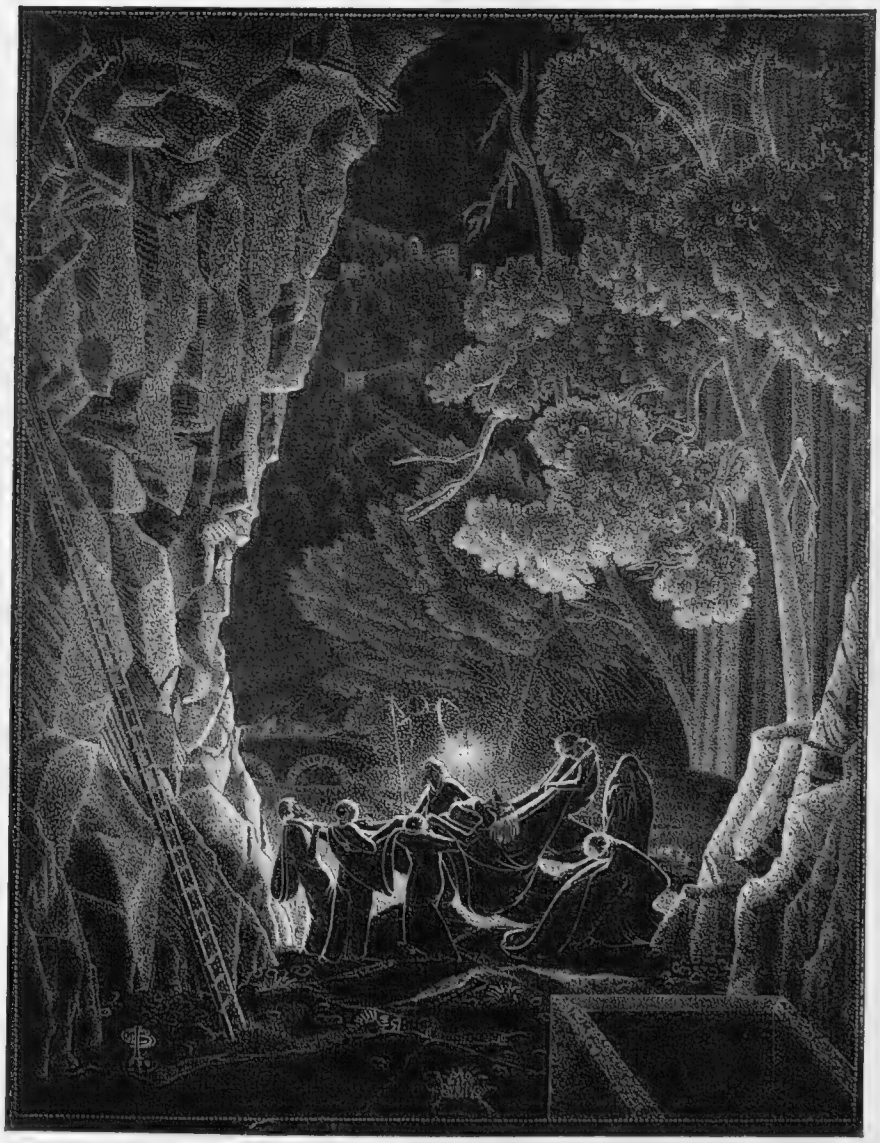
The ART of the WOODCUT.

A Quartet of Magnificent Specimens

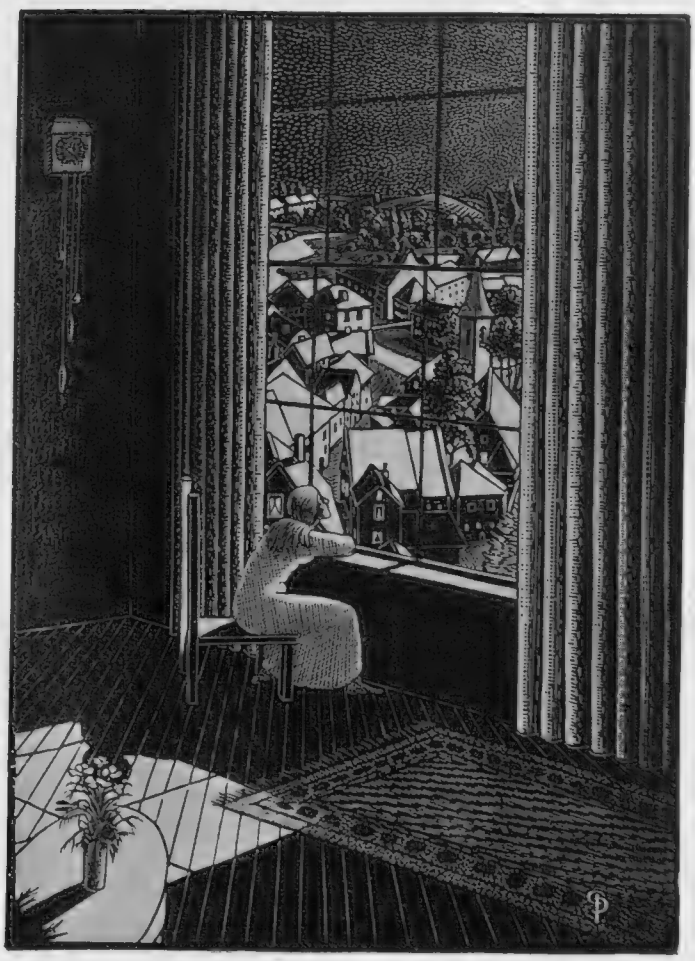
"May Morning," *by* **M. L. Wethered:** A curiously scholiast atmosphere—which owes much of its effect to the pre-Raphaelites—pervades this very charming treatment of Springtime reminiscent of much Italian art

The four fine examples of woodcuts reproduced on this page were shown last month at the Exhibition of the English Wood Engraving Society at the St. George's Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square. This highly decorative and effective art, which achieved great prestige years ago, lapsed into desuetude for some time, but now is enjoying a renaissance under the impulse of a sane and balanced modernism which presents the subjects recorded with fire, reality, and atmosphere

"The Last Fight," *by* **Dorothy Hirst:** An epic of the sea recorded in vivid style. The great sterns of the vessels and the blazoning of the flags fix the period as approximately that of the Dutch wars, when Blake shattered the naval supremacy of Holland and established Britannia as unquestionably the ruler of the waves



"The Entombment," *by* **Claughton Pellew:** The exploitation of the *macabre* is probably more effective in wood-cut than in any other medium. Mr. Pellew has achieved in this fine example of the art a sense of weird mystery brooding over the fantastic forest trees and the precipitously rising hill, which is heightened rather than diminished by the flickering light of the lantern. The exhibition remains open for a fortnight



"Moonlight," *by* **Claughton Pellew:** In this strong treatment of light and shade is given the three-fold suggestion of darkness, winter, and brilliant moonlight. The atmosphere of the background is definitely German — an impression enhanced by the clock on the wall

The Opening of the Persian Art Exhibition, Jan. 7–Feb. 25

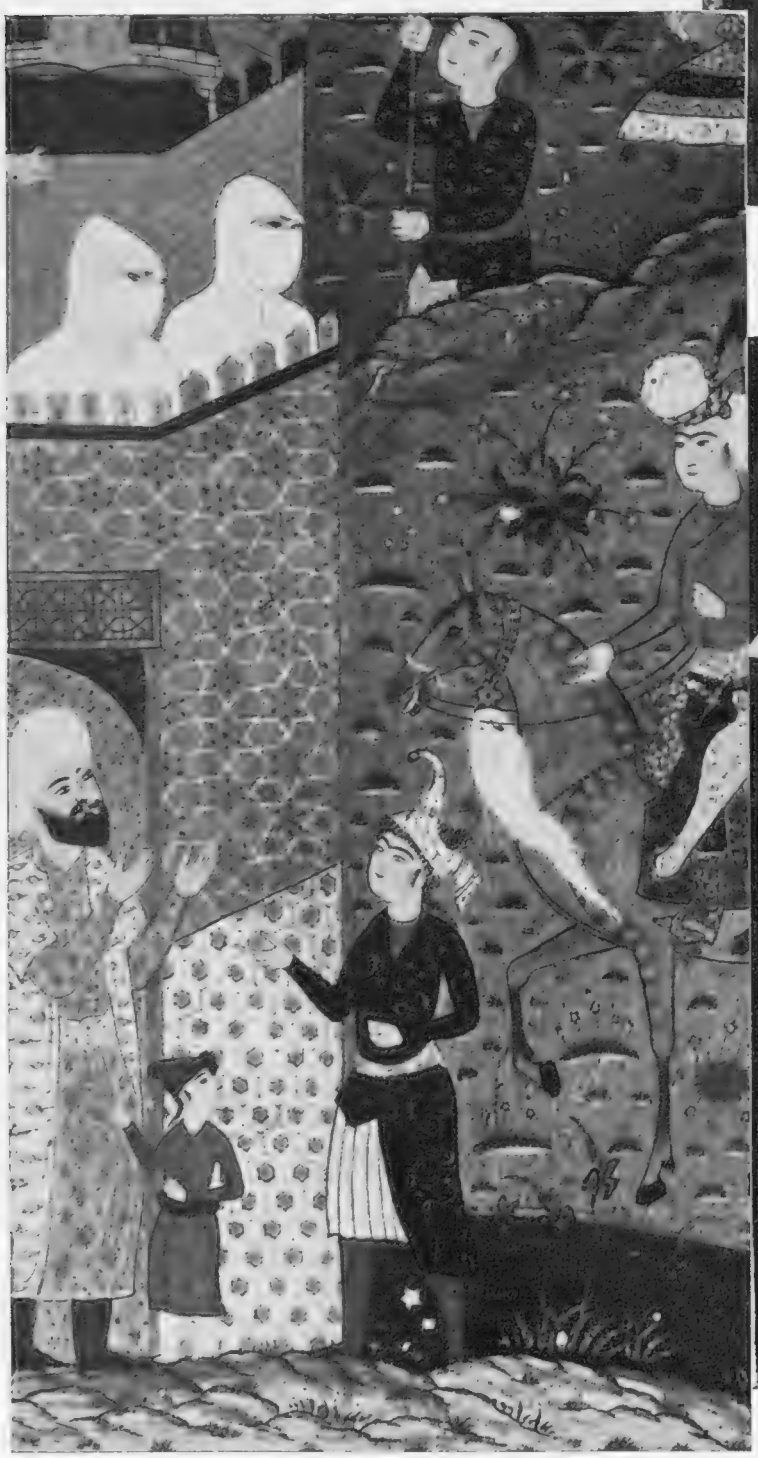
Details from Typical Examples of Oriental Art

VANITAS VANITATUM: A scene on the roof of a palace, overlooking a walled town, where a noble lady is at her toilet

OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A detail of a Persian silk textile showing fishermen at work

FROM A PERSIAN ALTAR: A detail from an altar cloth in the State Museum, Stockholm

" THE C
signed
Iwa



WELCOMING A TRAVELLER! A detail of a lacquer picture backing a mirror of 1770 now in the Paris Museum of Decorative Art. The curious hooded figures are welcoming a visiting prince with the modesty that is a cardinal feminine virtue even in the modern Orient

DEVOTEES OF THE DROWSY GOD: Opium smokers in various stages of the effects
a picture 7 in. by $9\frac{1}{4}$ in. with a gilt animated hashiya w

Rare Things to Look for Specially at the R.A.

The exhibition of Persian Art which opens its doors at the Royal Academy on Wednesday next has set itself a great task. It is endeavouring to put before the intellectual and artistic elements of this country the artistic history

ig o
ed

of o
of sixty s th
we know on
eras. T as
periods s on
centuri

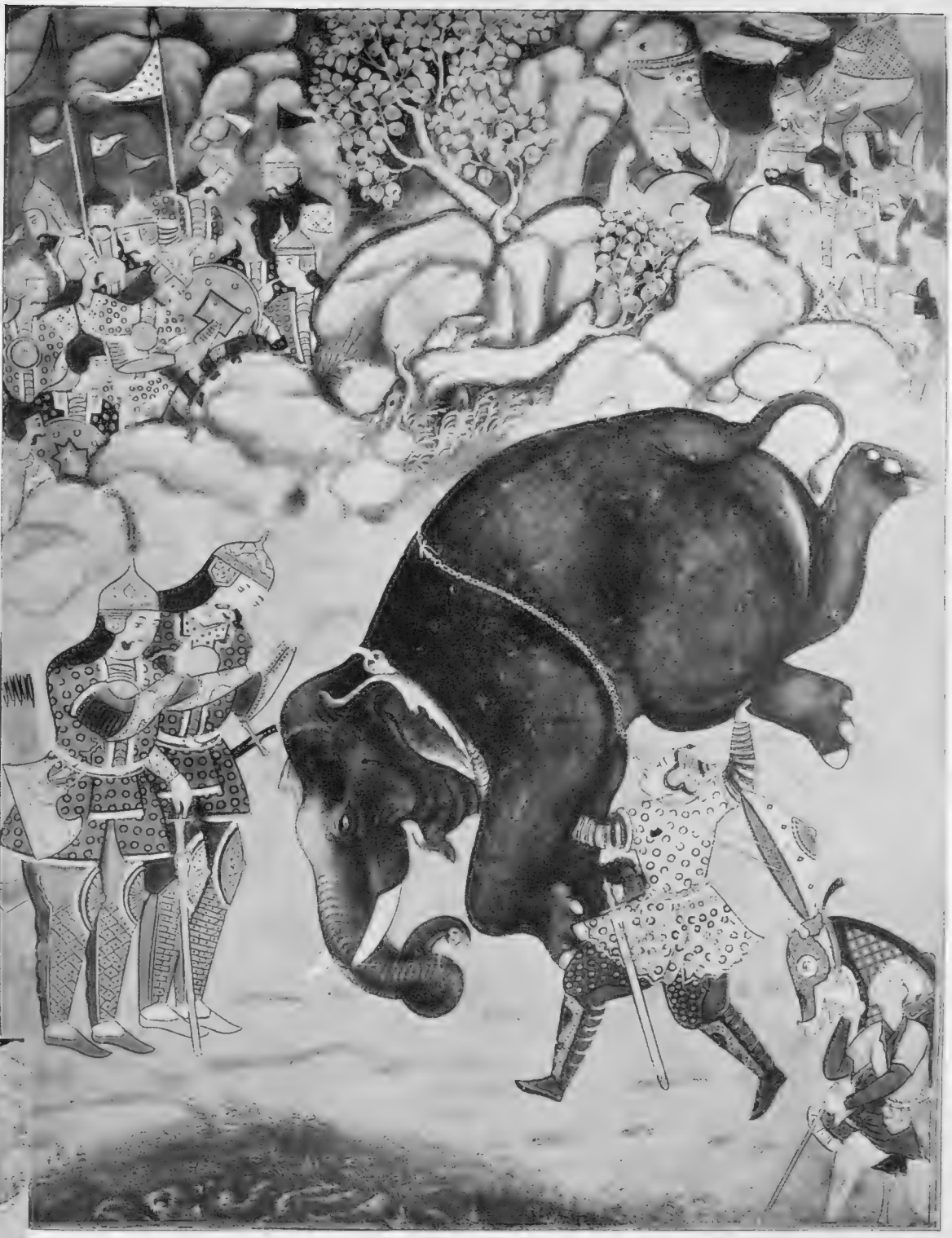
OF LOVE": A mid-eighteenth-century illustration, mad ibn Abdullah, from the great Hindustani romance. It was found in the zenana of Tippoo Sahib in 1799

ig outside the store where the drug and pipes are retailed—ed hands this year at Sotheby's

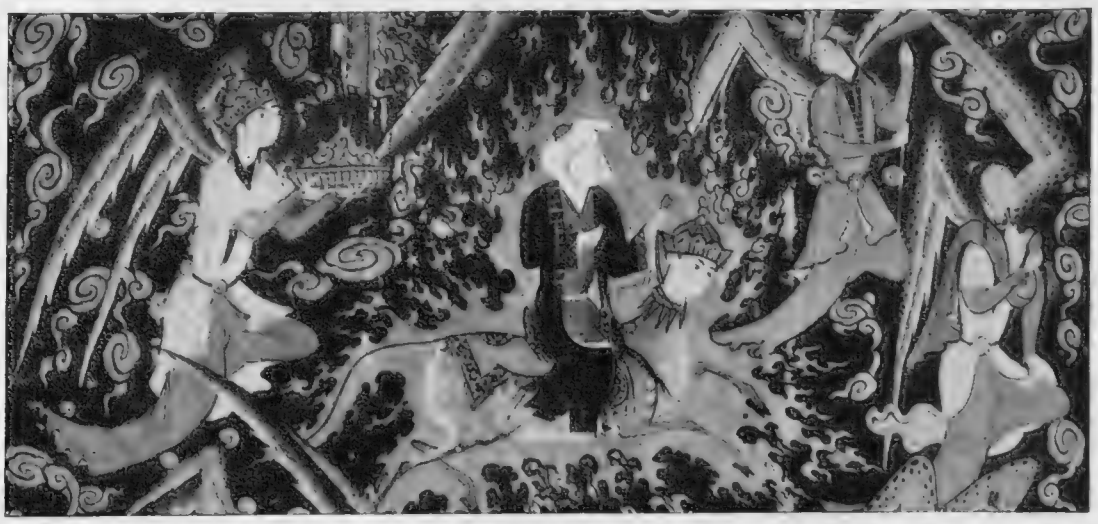
of one of the world's most gifted peoples. Persian history, through Median, Greek, Parthian, Sassanian, and Arabic on hopes to take the visitor far back into these distant as give him a wealth of example from more recent s one must not miss include a gold and enamel kalyan (or hookah) sent from Monte Carlo, originally given by Shah Abbas the Great at the end of the sixteenth century to the King of Denmark. In 1864 it was part of the booty taken by the King of Prussia in the war against Denmark. Mr. Chester Beatty is lending eighty pages of miniatures from a thirteenth-century Shah-nameh, and the other four pages of the same book are being sent from Calcutta to be reunited with the book for the first time for centuries. The Girdlers' Company is lending its famous Hindu-Persian carpet. Other objects made from Persian materials include a pair of trousers worn by an English gentleman at the Coronation of James II, and a petticoat worn by Princess Charlotte at her marriage to George III. The exhibits come from thirty-one different countries.

Among the exhibits will be one of unprecedented historic interest, the date of which was uncertain. It is a sarcophagus with painted figures found at Birjand, and said to be pre-Islamic in origin. There will also be five cases of Laristan pottery and enamel.

Persian art carried to perfection the employment of enamelled bricks as a decoration of the palaces. The friezes of lions and archers found at Susa reveal a process unknown till their day. The celebrated *Frieze of Archers* is a procession of Darius's soldiers who file past, turbaned and clothed in white or yellow robes against a background of blue and pale green enamelled bricks. As for the lion, the Persian artists have shown at once its brute force and feline grace. Persia, in spite of the magnificence of her buildings, was never sufficiently powerful to spread her civilization abroad. Her art continued to be too monarchic.



HERACLES OF PERSIA: Saeid i Fa Errukt Nijad stops the charging elephant and converts the two unbelievers —one of the sixty Indo-Persian miniatures in the Museum of Art and Industry, Vienna, dealing with the heroic exploits of Haemze, the nephew of Muhammad. This miracle is one of the most vividly depicted in the series



MUHAMMAD'S VISION OF HIS ASCENT TO HEAVEN: One of the folios to the *Khamsah*, written in Nast a'liq in four columns within gold and coloured rules. The curious winged figures recall rather an Oriental version of Occidental angels than the conventional conception of the houris of the Islamic paradise

"KING OF THE RIVER": A gull at least fourteen years old who is given precedence by all the other gulls when any tit-bit is flung to them. Only when his Majesty's appetite is appeased and he has flown away will the others dare to fall to

The COCKNEYS of GULLDOM

London's Winter Visitors—Whence they Come: Whither they go

By MURIEL HAYWOOD

"Wandering with the wandering wind,
Vagabond and unconfined;
Roving with the roving rain
Its unboundaried domain;
. . . All the seaboard knows us!"

Immense in their irresistible power, the great waves dash against the rocky shores of England; their thunder reverberating along the rugged coast-line—amongst the ancient hoary cliffs. High in the air floats the fragile foam from the raging waters; and, high above the foam, flash myriads of strong white wings—the gulls making their way inland, towards their winter quarters. They know that the time has come for them to seek the haunts of man, comparative safety, and the assurance of plenty of food. Wheeling about the seashore, amidst much loud and agitated discussion, they form their respective decisions. Some of them elect to make the coast and its neighbourhood their headquarters. Whilst others, more enterprising, wend their way to the open marshlands—to the wide spaces of field and lake—or to the populous waterways of hamlet and township.

But for some of them, long, long ago, in the remote ages, was their destination decided. And, flashing up the Thames, along their old familiar route, come the Cockneys of Gulldom—to the beloved, generous and smoky old city, where, for countless generations, they and their forbears have forgotten the lean, cheerless winter months beside the steady fires of friendship and welcome, that are ever kept burning for them here.

Some of the gulls are very early arrivals; they take no risks, and long before the storm winds lash the seas to fury; long before the kindly temperate airs have withdrawn themselves into their perfumed fastnesses, are the first gulls to be seen; even in the warmth of an August day do they appear. These are the forerunners of the battalions that arrive during the autumnal season, bringing with them a joyous, vivid life and movement, to the lakes and green places, to the various waterways of the ancient capital. Clearly their quaint, elfin cries ring out, as they circle about—moving on unhurried wing, towards their desired haven, to the place they have chosen for their winter sojourn.

In twos and threes, in dozens and scores, leisurely they beat along above the trees in their autumn garb, above the dark brown ebb and flow of the great river. A varied company of travellers are they. But for the greater part they consist of black headed gulls, these frequenters of our busy city. A somewhat misleading name is this; for it is only in the mating season that they wear their sleek brown-black hoods, and doff the pure white which they affect during the major portion of the year. The so-called common gull, a haunter of our coasts with immeasurable numbers of his fellows, also visits us during the colder months. At this time of the year, his gleaming white plumage is varied here and there with a dusky brown on head and neck. Another visitor to the metropolis is a tremendous fellow, a giant among seagulls—indeed he is one of the largest of these great birds—the herring gull. His children have a distinctive garb of their own; they wear a soft, neutral-tinted dress of browns and greys; and this they retain for some two or three years. It is not until they attain maturity that they discard this sober-hued attire, and put on the flashing plumage of their parents. This handsome bird frequents principally the coastal estuaries; but he is very often to be seen inland, moving about considerably. He is magnificent, with his immense stretch of wing. In winter-time he, too, slightly alters his colouring, assuming a slender touch of grey.

Gleaming white against the hazy grey-blue sky, against the dull umbers and greens, the misty semi-tones of the wintry scene, these flashing sea-birds appear to infuse their sparkling vitality into all about them. Wheeling around, their cries ring out, as, with an immense dexterity, they swoop and turn, catching the choice morsels thrown them by their vast host of friends. Their varied evolutions are a delight to the eye, as, with a lazy grace, they circle about; or, folding those beautiful snowy wings, they compose themselves upon the gleaming water, where, with a comfortable serenity, they float or paddle about amongst their reluctant hosts, the quacking ducks. These bustling people, and the other permanent dwellers by the ornamental waters, accept the arrival of these winter visitors from the coast, with a bored resignation. For they know full well that, as surely as that the boisterous winds and sparkling frosts of Autumn will rob the trees of their russet and gold; so surely will these seafaring folk forsake their ocean haunts, and appear upon the scene. Nothing can be done about it! So, with a sound philosophy, they accept the situation, and make the best of it. Busily they bestir themselves, and snatch a tit-bit here and there, where they can get a chance, amongst the flashing wings and sharp eyes of the seagull.

Like immense snowflakes upon the rich emerald turf at the waterside, in the parklands of London, they sit and complacently preen those apparently spotless feathers of theirs. Now and again a friendly little brown moorhen with a ruby tinted beak joins them for a brief gossip; running about like a small mouse amongst the company of seabirds. Occasionally, one of them makes a short tour of the lake; his graceful head turning swiftly, his brilliant eyes sparkling, as he glances from side to side, seeking a possible choice morsel. But, for a time at least, the greater part of the white-winged people drowse luxuriously on the greensward; under the pale rays of a sun that shines delicately, amid the faint pastel shades of the winter sky. . . . But, in the Springtime, when the warmer days are here, then it is that the call of the vernal season sounds in the wild hearts of the seagulls—and they prepare for departure. It is during the months of April and May that they take leave of their hospitable winter quarters and make their way back to their ancient haunts, within sight and sound of the sea; those haunts, which from time immemorial, have been the scenes of their joyous love-making; where they fashion their varied abodes of seaweed, of reeds or rushes; where they teach the ways of the world to those fluffy balls of down, which in due course of time they will bring back with them, to the grey old city, in the glow of the early autumn days.

SWOOPING FROM THE SKY: A huge flock of gulls carpeting the ground with grey and white

The black headed gull, as a rule, evinces a preference for inland lakes and estuaries. It may be to Norfolk, to Northumberland or to Lincolnshire, that he will make his way with innumerable hosts of his kind. And by these waters, he and his mate will construct their nest of dry rushes, of sedges and withered flags, the nest destined to hold those most precious eggs of theirs.

His first cousin, the herring gull, has at times the same taste in localities as he. The great seabird frequents sandy creeks and grassy islands about the estuaries. However, quite often, he selects a different site for his home. High-placed upon a narrow ledge, on the rugged face of a lofty cliff, it may be somewhere along the Northumbrian or Yorkshire coast—here, in this airy spot, the eggs are laid, and here above the foaming waves, are the babies hatched out. The common gull wends his way to the north when the call of springtime comes to him. He frequently travels right up to Scotland, and sometimes he crosses the sea and settles in Ireland for the nesting season. His choice of a building site also varies very considerably. At times the pairs of birds make their nest on high rocks whilst others may choose the flat expanses of low-lying marshy ground, or reedy islands, in convenient proximity to farms, ploughed fields, and meadowlands.

However, now the time has come, and the seagulls must go, and flock after flock departs. Some few of the young immature gulls may elect to remain behind and spend the summer months in our neighbourhood; however these are but few and far between.

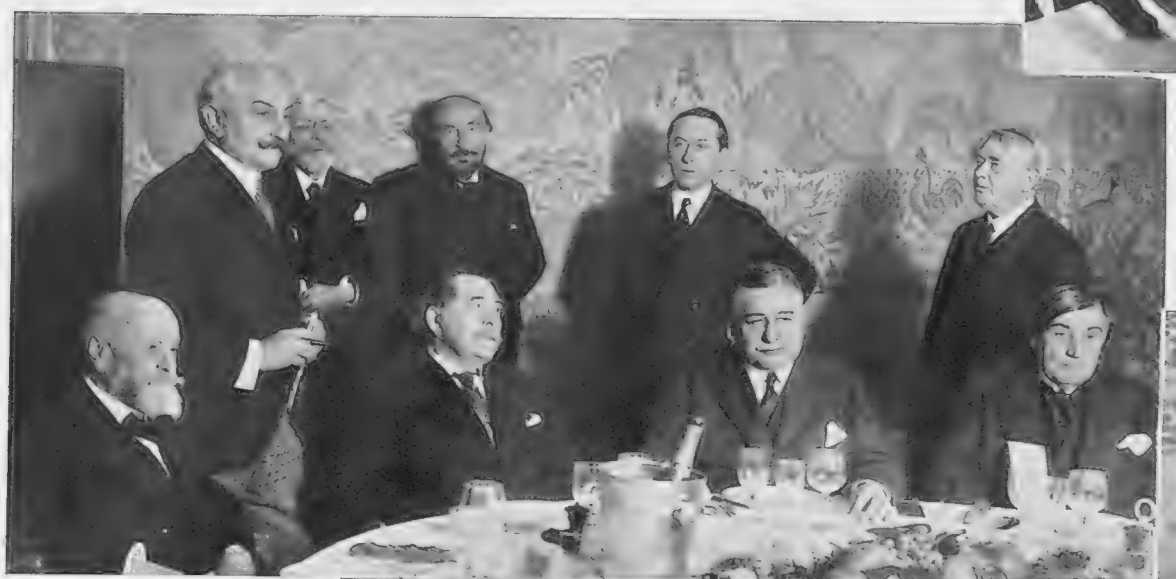
"With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea"

Is the essence of each bird's thought. . . . And thus they leave us. Once again they take flight, and as the white wings flash out of sight on their journey down stream, upon the soft winds an echo is brought back faintly—the echo of their distant voices, calling "Au revoir," as they speed away in joyous flight, back to their natal haunts.

PARISIANA *in* PICTURES

The Latest News from the Gay City

PARIS TURNS WHITE: *A heavy fall of snow gave the Gay City the appearance of Switzerland—more or less!—the other day. A moment during the phenomenon is seen above caught in the Place de la Madeleine*



THE BRETON FLAG DAY: *The Tempests of this year's autumnal equinox were so severe that the Breton fisher fleets suffered heavily. A national "Flag Day" was held and many Bretons in National Dress were seen in the streets of Paris*

THE GONCOURT: *M. Fauconnier was awarded this famous prize for his novel —Malaisie—a study of the conflict between West and East in which autobiographical impressions of the author's soldier and planter days abound.* Above *is the Goncourt committee*

WARMING OLD HEARTS: *Mme Duchoiseile distributing "pot-au-feu"—packets of food —to eighty old people of Paris in the Clignancourt quarter for which she made a house-to-house canvas*

IN HONOUR OF BOLIVAR: *M. de Castellane, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, presides over a centenary celebration of the death of Bolivar, "The Liberator," of South America*

M. Tardieu, cigarette in hand, at the table of honour at the great Press Dinner followed by a cabaret, given to members of the Anglo-American Press

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PRESS DINNER:

MEN *of* INTEREST

Masculine Notables in the News

A VICTIM OF THE REDS: Count Belosersky, in Tsarist days a great landowner in Simbirsk, now an itinerant minstrel in the streets of Berlin

THE NEW VICEROY: Lord Willingdon, the brilliant diplomat who has a highly successful record as administrator in India and Canada, is to go to India in succession to Lord Irwin. H.E. is seen above with Lady Willingdon

COMMISSIONED BY THE B.B.C.: Mr. Eric Gill, seen above at work in his studio near Wycombe, has just been commissioned by the B.B.C. to execute a group for the company's new building in Portland Place

THE FIRST INSPECTION OF THE FIRST SEA LORD: Admiral Sir Frederick Field recently made his first inspection of establishments in the Plymouth Command since his appointment. He is seen above (in mufti) at Devonport Dockyard

WITH THE SOUTHDOWN: Captain the Hon. Freeman-Thomas, son of the Viceroy-elect of India, with the Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas (daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson) at their Sussex residence, Wickham Place, Hurstpierpoint, where they entertained the Southdown Hunt the other day

and WOMEN *of* CHARM

Feminine Notables in the News

THE PROFILE ON THE NEW ITALIAN BONDS: Signorina Esperia Sperani of Milan, whose classic features were used as a model for the decoration on the bonds

Marcus Adams

SCOTTISH FASHION IN HUNGARY: The great niece of Admiral Horthy wears the bonnet, which has become very popular of late in the land of the Magyars

A LADY OF THE AIR: Lady Burney, the beautiful wife of Sir Dennistoun Burney, the designer of the big airship, R 100, which flew successfully to Canada

A SOCIETY ARTIST: Lady George Cholmondeley at work in her studio, where she creates designs for furniture and ornaments

THE BACKLESS FASHION: A distinguished evening toilette of brocaded panne velvet. The train gives the modish long sweeping lines to the creation

EAR-RINGS TO REMAIN: Signorina Elsa Merlini, a Milanese Society leader who, some time ago, introduced a new coiffure, completely covering the ears which, it was predicted, would spell the doom of the ear-ring. That this is not the case is proved by this new portrait

PYJAMAS! The full trousers and the body of the jacket are in blue georgette, while the yoke and sleeves of silver cloth lend the lounging costume chic. The new cowl neck-line and novel pointed cuffs are also exploited

Preserving ENGLAND'S **WINDMILLS**

The Quixotic Giants for which the lovers of Antiquity are tilting to-day

WEST BLATCHINGTON MILL: One of the loveliest relics in Sussex of an ancient civilization recorded by Rex Vincent Cole, R.O.I., R.B.C.

A MODEL OF THE CRANBROOK MILL: The miniature made by Mr. Tarrant, a specialist in such work, for the Science Museum

A VETERAN: Welliugore Mill, a famous landmark which, stanaing on an eminence, dominates much of the flat fenland country surrounding Grantham. Even in the present age, enslaved as it is by machinery, and coming more and more under the sway of mechanical, as opposed to natural forces, mills whose motive power is the wind, in some districts still hold their own against the competition of more modern steam-mills, a welcome omen to those who believe in Distributism as to those who regard the great Quixote giants with the eyes of æsthetic appreciation

In the summer of 1929 the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings inaugurated a campaign for the preservation of windmills, those great giants against which the creation of Cervantes shattered his ineffectual lance. Now the quixotism is on the other side, and the lances are far from ineffectual, for the ugliness of the industrial civilization is inducing many classes to assail its products for a variety of motives. Since the thirteenth century these structures, with their gyrating sweeps or sails, have been of great importance but, without some such organized effort as this, the huge majority of them will, in a few years, be no more. Mechanically as historically the mill is a thing of interest; æsthetically it is a thing of beauty. The Society intends to make a record with photographs of all the windmills still standing in Great Britain. Compiling a correct record of all the mills in Great Britain is no small task, and any information or photographs will help the Society considerably in its work. The Architectural Press has published on behalf of the S.P.A.B. a fascinating first volume, by Miss M. I. Batten, of a series entitled *English Windmills*. This deals with the history and mechanics of mills in general and those of the Home Counties—Kent, Surrey, and Sussex—in particular. Later they will deal with Lincolnshire, which, with its almost Dutch flats and its dykes, is pre-eminently the windmill county with its examples ranging from the great "modern" mill of Trusthorpe to the dilapidated and shattered structure of Maltby. The millers' jargon varies from county to county, for the sails in Kent and Sussex are "sweeps," in Anglesey "wings," and in Yorkshire "arms." In Holland a great effort is being successfully made to preserve the mills, which are entirely traditional to the country

CHRISTMAS *at the* ZOO

Yuletide Studies of the Indolence and Grace of the Great Felines in Regent's Park

A PETTISH PET: Not a tabby but a northern lynx whose incredible length of sight, and whose attractive tufted ears and side whiskers are noteworthy characteristics

A GLADSTONIAN HEAD AT THE LONDON ZOO: A "speaking"—though not a roaring—likeness of Sally, the tigress from Central India who has established herself as a firm favourite with thousands of visitors to Regent's Park

COLD COMFORT: Felix, the cheetah, dislikes fog which gives him, accustomed as he is to the sultry tropic zones, a sore throat. He is therefore arrayed, by the authorities at the Zoo, in a woollen muffler or comforter to comfort him on days of frozen mist. Cheetah are the hunting leopards of India and have a spectacular turn of speed as well as a high intelligence

FELINE INDOLENCE: A puma in characteristic pose. A comparison with that picture inset above on left reveals, starting with the pose, a marked similarity which extends to the paws and the whole mould of the body. The face alone, though holding a family resemblance, shows distinct differences which culminate in the ears pointed and round, tufted and plain

The VOICE of AUTHORITY

M. Poincare's Memoirs and Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

It would seem that we are still in the middle of the full flood of war memoirs, but it is possible now to discern the outstanding contributions. Germany has, so far, given us nothing that is really first class. A diary *intime*, in view of her defeat, is hardly likely to come from any of her statesmen after the tremendous censure that poor Prince Lichnowsky brought down upon himself by his candour. The Crown Prince indulged in a little special pleading, and the Kaiser's book was quite negligible as a contribution to truth. In a few weeks we are promised Pershing's memoirs, but these cannot be of very outstanding value since he came on to the scene rather late and was overshadowed by House and Wilson. It seems improbable, therefore, that anyone will eclipse the brilliant contributions of Mr. Winston Churchill.

His four volumes, *The World Crisis*, cover the years, 1911–1918. As a contribution to history they cannot be disregarded whatever view may be taken of Mr. Churchill's personal policy, and as a contribution to literature they cannot be put down unread, for he possesses one of the clearest prose styles of any man writing to-day. The only thing that slightly lessons my intense admiration for these volumes is their price. The four books have cost me £5. I cannot see any justification for such a figure. I am certain both publisher and author would have had a greater reward if each of these books had been put out at 12s. 6d. Mr. Churchill is a writer the average man wants to read. He would have reached a vast public to that public's good, for here is a story of a great struggle which should be in everybody's possession. I have a number of young friends to whom I would like to present this set, but only a Crœsus can distribute 5-guinea sets to his friends. I hope even now after the libraries have been made to carry the initial burden, that Mr. Churchill and his publisher will put these books within reach of the public. If I were a publisher I would issue them in a neat pocket series at 5s. a volume, or in an "omnibus" volume for 15s. And I would print a first edition of 100,000.

The next most considerable book of war memoirs is to my mind the stupendous diary which M. Raymond Poincaré is contributing to our knowledge of the internal political history of the War. I hope that the return of his illness, which is causing anxiety, will not result in depriving us of the final volumes. I understand that he has now finished his work on the volume covering the year 1917. Each of these volumes has caused a tremendous labour of verification and documentation.

It is fortunate for the historian of the future that Mr. Poincaré had the forethought and industry to make a daily habit of recording his thought upon current events. It is equally valuable for the historian that the author has refrained from making any alterations in his opinions or prophecies. We can thus follow the errors of speculation, and the immediate emotions of a man at the very centre of events, and often lost in the absolute confusion and conflict of those times.

There has just appeared the fourth volume of the memoirs. It covers the year 1915. *The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré* (Heinemann. 21s.). M. Poincaré has cultivated an impersonal style Nothing can be less characteristic of the Frenchman, as he is imagined to be by the Englishman, than this cold, impartial recital of daily events But occasionally the author's detachment breaks down, and then, in a self-revealing sentence, we discern the great weight of the burden upon his shoulders. For a moment we get that glimpse, and then he goes on recording. Nothing escapes his eye, which is as alert to the beauty of the landscape through which he travels up to the line, or to the colour of the fresh boyish face of the Prince of Wales, as to the tantrums of M. Clemenceau or the instability of Mr. Lloyd George

The diary opens with the entry on January 1, 1915—"the old year with its tale of suffering and sorrow is past and gone; and in this new year, victory and peace are surely within view." There follow the machinations of statesmen, the revolting bribery exerted by the Powers to bring in one ally after another, the cold-blooded bargaining of Italy, the angling with Greece, the suspicion that Bulgaria would go with Germany, the suppressed fear that all was not well with Russia, and the steadily falling reputation of Joffre. In July Poincaré writes: "The year drags on and victory does not come our way," and in December, "the year closes without any ray of the dawn of victory." And then, in his indomitable spirit, he adds, "But that dawn must arise. Victor Hugo was right to say that on the day when the light of France is extinguished dusk will have set in over the whole world."

That light was not extinguished, but how nearly the flame came to flickering out is discerned in these pages. Early in the year the Pope issued a prayer for peace. France resented this, demanding what kind of a peace the Vatican had in view, which resulted in the adroit representation to the President that France should send an Ambassador to the Vatican, then "the Holy Father would have been put on his guard against issuing a prayer which might be interpreted amiss." Later, the Pope, hearing that Russia was bidding for Constantinople, and the Allies in general were beginning to squabble over something that was not theirs, and destined not to be, put in a claim for the restitution of St. Sophia. M. Poincaré somewhat acidly observed that before the Turks came, in the fifteenth century, the Greek Orthodox Church was established there, and Russia would have something to say on the matter.

Thus over the prostrate body of Europe the haggling went on. According to this diary the Tsar seems to have played an intransigeant part, and was by no means the negligible puppet that was generally supposed. He meant to have Constantinople and to extend his frontiers. Count Benckendorff erroneously attributed to our King's lips the phrase "Constantinople is yours," and the Tsar eagerly seized upon this, and was pained when England and France revealed other ideas on the subject. However, under pressure Russia was put off, and her share of the spoils postponed to the day of settlement.

Some of the pen portraits in this volume are sharply etched, and the acid is not wanting to give them bite. Thus, encountering Mr. Lloyd George, he writes:

> "He has adapted himself to the happenings of the hour with a mental agility which is extraordinary. I was greatly struck by his mobile features which betray strong feeling and are those rather of an artist than of a statesman; with his long and wavy hair, his bright eyes and his pink and white complexion, he looks rather like a musician about to appear on the platform to play the the violoncello. He seemed anxious to fascinate us; he is intelligent, and his energy seems to be inexhaustible; but one does not know whether, under this brilliant surface, he may not be rather shallow, and his adversaries certainly reproach him for being superficial and fickle. For the moment I yielded myself to the charm that radiates from his person."

We learn that both France and England tried in vain to bring over Japanese troops to Europe, but the Mikado flatly refused. Clemenceau was certain that had he been in office he would have obtained them, but at that time Clemenceau was certain of so many things. "It is the Pope who is this morning in Clemenceau's black books; he has now the whole world under his daily instruction," writes Poincaré.

There was a somewhat ludicrous if well-meaning rôle played by Pierre Loti. He was pro-Turk, and believed he had influence with the Turks, so Poincaré permitted him to go off on a mission to Switzerland for pourparlers. "Another emotional communication . . . this time Loti's naïveté outsteps the bounds of reason": and soon it was poor Loti who was disenchanted.

In March things were not going well for the Allies, Joffre was indulging in expensive nibbling, and complained continually that French, whose manners were notoriously bad, never showed any good grace and ignored his advice and instructions. The Tsar was opening his mouth wider and wider, always promising an offensive and always postponing it. "My mind is entirely made up," he writes, "the only solution to the problem of Constantinople and the Narrows is the one which I held out to you last November. The town of Constantinople and Southern Thrace must be incorporated in the Russian Empire."

In the event of England giving support to Italy, and France following suit, Joffre threatened resignation, "Never, never, would I allow any of our troops to be taken from our front," whereupon Poincaré reminded him that he would have to obey orders if the French Government made up its mind. The Kaiser had just sent a jubilant telegram to the Queen of Greece, after the failure of the Russians in the Carpathians. "Victory for us is assured; this I can guarantee you. Woe to those who lift their hand against me! Love to Tino." And Poincaré comments, "Wilhelm is the same Wilhelm as ever. Moi! moi! moi! ich! ich! ich!" But at last Italy was beginning to swing into line. D'Annunzio was making inflammatory speeches, *Viva la piu grande Italia!* The Germans sank the *Lusitania*. Writes Poincaré, "We came back to Paris by Compiègne. A beautiful day; Nature in smiles; humanity in tears." A month later Poincaré himself is in tears. The French almost break through at Champagne, the English go forwards towards Lens. This good news is too much after these terrible months. "I felt myself altogether overcome; I went up to my library, and alone with my wife I burst into tears." But it was a false dawn. The advance was held up.

Thus the diary runs, a story of bargaining, bloodshed, hope deferred, internal intrigues, but the dominant will believing in ultimate victory. At the end of the year French resigned his command and was succeeded by Haig. "Sir Douglas Haig, who is Scotch by origin, has the reputation of being an officer of outstanding merit; he is much smarter and better looking—and has much better manners—than his predecessor," said Poincaré, but one wonders how much he believed that Flériau, the first secretary of the Embassy in London, wrote to him as "to the state of anarchy in which the British Government is at the moment; the weakness of Asquith, the unpopularity of Grey, the masterfulness of Kitchener, who took the "Great Seal" with him to the Dardanelles for fear of somebody being put in his place while he was away."

Poincaré has a reputation of being cold and unbendable. It may be true, but there are glimpses in this absorbing diary of another Poincaré, the member of the Academy, with something of a poet's sensitiveness and eye for beauty. The chief value of this diary is its candour. It may be that much has been cut out, but the residue is rich with free comment and shrewd scrutiny of men and events of that critical time.

At a delightful dinner given the other evening by the jovial members of the Whitefriars Club I found myself listening to my fellow guest, Mr. Philip Guedalla, and wondering again whether he speaks better than he writes, or whether it is possible for him to write better than he speaks. I think the honours must be about even. I know of no one who can excel him in that air of diffident insolence which gives to his barbed witticisms the appearance of casual comment. He has cultivated the slight hesitancy of a speaker who need never hesitate, which gives to his performance the breathlessness with which we watch an acrobat who seems certain to miss the next trapeze and never does. It is the most effective form of eloquence. Soon we shall be able to observe him again in the rôle of biographer, for he is at work on a life of Wellington. As he is not likely to err on the side of hero-worship, perhaps we shall have the unadorned truth about a great soldier who lacked any endearing qualities. I gather that Mr. Guedella does not like people whe write autobiographies. He feels they are using up the raw material which should fall into the hands of the biographers. With one observation of his I am in heartfelt agreement. The bad biographer takes two or three volumes in which to tell his story, the good needs only one.

An old war-correspondent colleague of mine, Sir Beach Thomas, has just written the smallest history of the War I have yet seen. True he calls it *Events of the Great War* (Routledge. 6d.), but in seventy-six pages he has managed to compress all that is really essential. If anyone should doubt the need of a small primer of this nature let him talk with the younger generation. A young Etonian asked me the other day how George Robey came to be a general. After some confusion I managed to elicit the fact that he and several of his friends laboured under the illusion that he had commanded an army known as the Bing Boys. This I class with the remark of a youth who asked me quite seriously, "Was it really a very bad war?" Well may Sir Beach Thomas close his excellent little history with the observation: "Within an hour or two even this war seemed, like Marlborough's wars, to belong to 'Old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.' The armies were almost too tired to rejoice." And Sir Beach Thomas himself seems to have shaken off the dust of battle. When I last saw him he was hidden away in a lovely Tudor House in Herts, with a walled garden, where he watched the habits of his beloved birds.

AUTHORS BOTH: Herr Jacob Wassermann, the famous German writer, whose The Maurizius Case *achieved a great success in England, with his son, Uli, who has just written and published a volume of fairy tales for children of his own age*

THE BURIAL CAVE OF A FORGOTTEN KING: A cavern found in southern Rhodesia by the expedition headed by Dr. Leo Frobenius of the University of Frankfort. The wall drawings show on the right a mummified bull and underneath the sacrificed zebra; and beside the latter is the hide of the bull in which the dead King was wrapped and from which his head protrudes. Hard-by is the rock-grave, a mahogany tree and a termite hill. Above on the left the symbols of sovereignty—the bow and arrow—are handed to the new king

RELICS OF A MASTODON: Work in progress at Dresden-Polis on the excavation of the forerunner of the elephant. The work has to be carried on with great delicacy, soft-bristled brushes only being used. The underside remains untouched. The bones, during excavation, have to be protected from the weather—not only from wind, frost, dew and rain but even from too intense a heat. A drain is established about the bones to facilitate dehydration

MEN *before the* FLOOD *and after.*

Prehistoric Excavation of Royal Tombs, Mammoth Bones, and Cannibal Cooking Vessels

A CASSEROLE FOR "LONG PIG": A peg-urn excavated by Dr. Bayer, Director of the Vienna Art Historical Museum, Vienna, at Ossarn, Austria. He proved what a great rôle cannibalism played among our ancestors in 3200 B.C. While to-day there exist only a few small tribes of man-eaters—cannibalism is now chiefly a religious cult—at that time in Ossarn there lived a cannibal race with a hitherto unknown culture

THE DRAMATIC PRESENTATION OF A CLASSIC: A scene from "Toad of Toad Hall," A. A. Milne's adaptation of what is claimed by many connoisseurs to be the best modern fairy tale ever written—"The Wind in the Willows," by Kenneth Grahame

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY JOHN WARE

In *Smoky Cell*, Edgar Wallace's new play at Wyndham's Theatre, there is one scene lasting nearly ten minutes without a word being spoken! Yet so tense is this silent drama, so nerve-wracking and so gripping that on the first night women in the stalls—sophisticated first-nighters, mark you—actually called out "Look out!" when a door slowly began to open, just as children do when the hero is in danger on the pictures.

Here again we are among the gangsters, crooks, racketeers, and all the other riff-raff of America's underworld, a strange fraternity whom Mr. Wallace pictures as convincingly as he does the members of London's crookdom. There is no woman in this play and there is no sentiment. It is life with the gloves off—raw, brutal, and sordid. It is the story of a rich gang leader, a swell racketeer, who blackmails the wealthy residents of Chester County, New York State, by extorting money for what he pleases to call "protection." They either pay or die.

Whether such things really are tolerated in New York State I do not know. But Mr. Wallace has made this form of terrorism, robbery backed up by machine guns and bombs, the background of a play full of thrills—a play which, to me, rings truer than *On the Spot*, perhaps because it is less fantastic, less bizarre in its setting.

The first scene in the police headquarters is as realistic as anything Wallace has ever written. Every word of it and every movement seems real. In a case on the wall of the station are displayed seven silver badges, grim reminders of the seven policemen who have been "bumped off" that year.

An officer refuses duty because he has seen four strangers in a car near the place where two of his colleagues have been shot down. A rich man, who has refused to be intimidated, comes to the station to seek aid. "It is coming to this," he says, "that in America you have to pay if you want to live."

Well, he is spirited away right under the noses of the police, and later you see his body taken from an abandoned car at a lonely cross-roads. He has been taken "for a ride." Finally, a captured gunman is shot down in the police station itself by the leader of the "racket," whom he has denounced as a man who has already been convicted of murder and has escaped from prison.

Realism is sacrificed for lurid melodrama, frank and unashamed, in the last two acts. You see the condemned gangster in the death cell, "Smoky Cell" they call it, pleading, now threatening, now boasting of his coming rescue to the warder, lolling, grimly silent, outside the bars. You see him interviewing a friend in the visitors' room—each man locked up in a wired-in cage, with prison officials watchfully on guard. You see him led to the electric chair, and at the last moment rescued by fellow gunmen who have got in as reporters.

Then comes the "high-spot" of the play—the attack on the police station, to which the gangster returns in an attempt to revenge himself on the police chief who has put him away. Revolvers crack, glass flies, and machine guns rattle—a thrill as big as any staged at Drury Lane or the Lyceum. Nearly all the closing scene, when, of course, justice triumphs, is played in silence. It has a lot to live up to, but it gets over. So cleverly are all the characters drawn that they are "actor proof." The chief parts are admirably played by Bernard Nedell as the swell gangster, Harold Huth as the police chief, and Ben Welden as his assistant, while Percy Parsons and Roy Emerton are excellent as two crooks.

Smoky Cell should run at least six months.

Eden Phillpott's latest play, *Jane's Legacy*, presented at the Duchess Theatre, is cast in his familiar Devonshire mould, but it has none of the sparkle or reality of *Yellow Sands* or *The Farmer's Wife*. Frankly, it is disappointing. All the family bickering and quarrels that go on over the £1,000, which is supposed to have been left to Jane Mortimore, become very tiresome; and the celebration tea party—how fond Mr. Phillpotts is of stage bun-fights—is too far-fetched, though it ends on a note of high comedy, with the fisticuffs of the rivals for the hand of Jane's niece, and the collapse among the raspberry fool of Sergeant Merryweather Chugg, an amiable rascal who seeks to wed himself to Jane's new-found fortune. The author must have had his tongue well in his cheek when he wrote this.

Louise Hampton, whose performance in *Nine Till Six* was one of the acting successes of the year, gives another performance of similar sensitive fineness as Jane, and for this alone the play is worth seeing.

Miss E. M. Delafield's play about modern Devonshire people, *To See Ourselves*, at the Ambassadors' Theatre, is much more true to life. Countless thousands of married couples lead exactly similar humdrum lives as Freddie and Caroline Allerton, the hero and heroine of her story. They have been married ten years, or at any rate sufficiently long for the husband to have forgotten that it is necessary for him every now and again to tell his wife that he still loves her. He is more interested in the stock market and the prospect of a strike at his mill than in whether she shall grow her hair again or whether her sister will agree to marry the young man she has brought down for a holiday.

Much of the first act is brilliant, human, understanding, and alive, but afterwards Miss Delafield allows it to lapse into a conventional comedy, ending with the promise of a happy-ever-after existence for Caroline and the now understanding Freddie. These two parts are cleverly played by Nicholas Hannen and Miss Marda Vanne, who, like Miss Hampton, has a fine sense of light and shade in acting. They make the play seem better than it really is. I liked, too, the direct, clean-cut manner in which Miss Helen Spencer plays the modern young sister. I hear that *To See Ourselves* shows promise of blossoming into an established success.

Let me say at once that I consider *Chelsea Follies*, Archie de Bear's new revue at the Victoria Palace, the brightest, jolliest entertainment in London. By that I mean that it is really funny, its music is melodious, and, although not on the same lavishly spectacular scale as some of its rivals, it is charmingly staged and dressed. It is the sort of show that speeds along so smoothly and quickly that the finale is reached before you realize it. And that is always a good test. What I like most of all is that there is nothing about it that is pretentious or high-brow. It is a simple, straight-forward production, with a real English tang to its humour.

Nervo and Knox, one of the best pairs of comedians on the halls to-day, are the stars, and it is a long time since I heard a first-night audience laugh so much or so loudly as they did at these two boys. They are truly great clowns.

Then there is Naunton Wayne, whose quiet little monologues are humour of a more restrained order. I first saw this young man in a West End cabaret about three years ago, but since then he has improved considerably. He acts as master of ceremonies, introducing each item, a job in which the cleverest comedians are apt sometimes to become a nuisance after their third appearance. But he succeeds in being amusing all the time.

Chelsea has been drawn upon for many of the ideas—Nell Gwynne and Charles II meeting in a bun shop, the embankment, an artist's studio, the flower show and Stamford Bridge. A lot of fun is poked at the Chelsea Football Club, especially at the fondness of the management for engaging Scottish players.

A criticism which might be made of the show is that none of the women has much opportunity. Lillebil Ibsen gives ten minutes of clever imitations, but on the first night she appeared too late, when the audience were tired out by laughing so much at the knock-about foolery of Nervo and Knox. Pearl Greene, a very pretty girl, new to London, shows promise in a couple of numbers, but Maisie Darrell, one of the cleverest young actresses on the legitimate stage, is entirely wasted. But these are very minor faults in a revue which is one of the wittiest and most rollicking the West End has seen for years.

After the long series of high speed, pep and punch musical comedies, it is a refreshing change to renew acquaintance with the less exuberant, if more "meaty," qualities of *The Maid of the Mountains*, which has been revived at the Hippodrome for eight weeks.

But as I listened once again to the familiar tunes and watched the slowly developing story of the girl who betrayed the bandit chief because of jealousy, I wondered if this type of Ruritanian musical drama will ever become popular again. I very much doubt it, though, of course, shows of this particular kind may crop up now and again and win success because of some good tunes or because of the performance of a leading star. But the signs are that their day is over, and that the "talkies" are going to be responsible for the invention of an entirely different kind of musical play.

Chief interest in this revival centres on Anne Croft, who, risking comparison with José Collins, now plays the part of Terasa. She has not the same fire or abandon as her predecessor, but she looks beautiful and her singing has vastly improved. Bruce Carfax, a young juvenile lead, makes a distinct hit, and his singing of "A Bachelor Gay" literally stopped the show at the first performance. No one could say that the piece is wildly comic, but Mark Lester, riper in his methods than ever, and Jerry Verno, the young comedian, who was in *The Three Musketeers*, make the most of their chances.

Judged as a Christmas entertainment, *The Toymaker of Nuremburg* should please holiday audiences at the Kingsway Theatre. It is a make-believe story of the love of the son of a poor doll maker for the daughter of his father's employer, but it is all rather too self-conscious in its effort to create an atmosphere of charm and sentiment. It suffered too on the first night from lack of rehearsal, this applying particularly to the orchestra. Dudley Glass has written some tuneful music and George Sheringham's scenery is effective in its simplicity and quaintness.

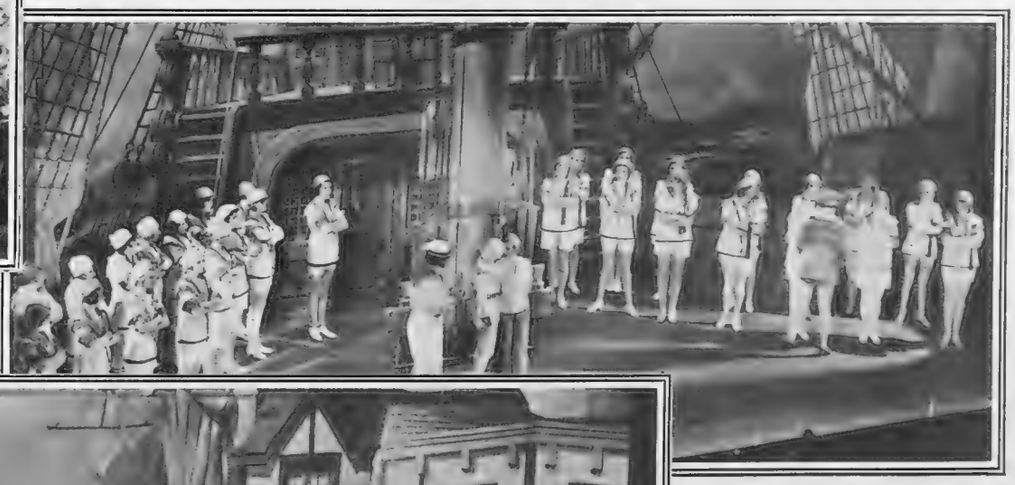
Pictures by the Special "Sphere" process

EDEN PHILLPOTTS AS USUAL: Although "Jane's Legacy," the author's new play of Devonshire, is set a century ago, and is produced at the Duchess Theatre, it has in it much that we enjoyed in "The Farmer's Wife" and "Yellow Sands"—even to the tea party

YULE-TIDE PLAYS AND REVIVALS

THE TALE OF THE WONDERFUL LAMP: The city of Pekin in the version of "Aladdin" presented at the Dominion Theatre in which Miss Nellie Wallace, Miss Ella Retford, and Mr. Lupino Lane appear. The last-named is seen above on the left of Mr. S. Griffith Moss, as Abanazar, the wicked uncle

THE GREATEST OF THE MODERN CLASSICS: A scene from "Alice in Wonderland" running at the Savoy for matinées only



THE STOWAWAYS: Robinson Crusoe's mother (Kaye Gordon) and his sweetheart, Polly Perkins (Constance Carpenter), are discovered aboard the good ship "Saucy Polly," the wreck of which lands Crusoe (Kitty Reidy) seen above in centre, on Juan Fernandez

Pictures by special "Sphere" process

ON THE QUAY OF HULL: A scene from Robinson Crusoe at the Lyceum before he leaves for Juan Fernandez. Miss Kitty Reidy in the title-rôle is bidding adieu to his sweetheart, Polly Perkins (Constance Carpenter). *On the right* is Daniel Defoe (Norman Asridge), while *on the extreme right* is the Mayor and *on extreme left* the Town Crier of Hull. The dress of Charley's Aunt *(on right)* remains constant through all the vagaries of the fashions in which the other characters are clad

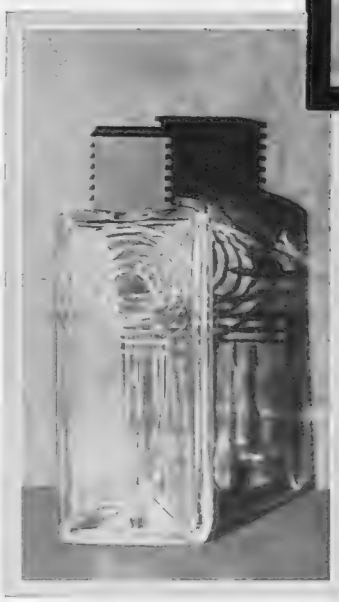
STILL RUNNING! Charley's Aunt at the New Theatre

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

THE ETHIOP'S EAR

BY H. PEARL ADAM



The Dahomey fetish in its original and conventionalized form has served as inspiration for the engraving on the bottle. *On left* is a design based on a negroid ear, the lobe dragged down by the heavy, almost heraldic, triangular ear-ring at the bottom; while *on right* the design is based on a native canoe paddle and waves portrayed in the negroid convention. All these designs are by Vuitton of Paris

It is not for nothing that Paris has the reputation of always producing new things. The *article de Paris* has, for centuries been sought after by all the five continents and the people who travel the seven seas. It is amusing to reflect that the tremendous, the resplendent, the magnificent, the haughty, the unapproachable Louis XIV, the man who was content with nothing less than the sun for his device, nevertheless had time to start and foster the career of the charming trifles which have ever since borne the name of *articles de Paris*.

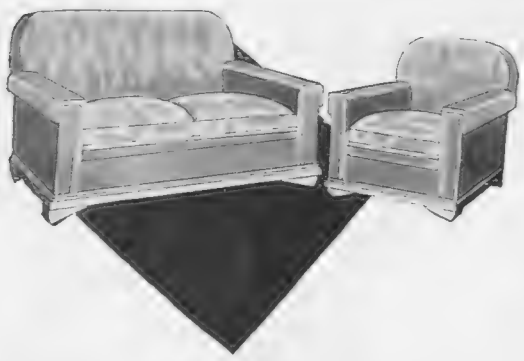
I wish we could know what he would have said if someone had told him that, one day, the most luxurious travellers from all over the world would be buying the most luxurious modernities for the toilet, which would have negro art for the basis of their decoration. Not the crude negro art of the music-hall jazz-band, but the restrained and almost runic art which is still being practised in those parts of Africa to which neither the saxophone nor Miss Josephine Baker, nor any other product of our modern civilization, has yet penetrated.

Here is a fetish from Dahomey. Sitting beside him is the very last word in Paris toilet appliances—a Vuitton scent-bottle. On this exquisite object one can see, reproduced by the finest art of the engraver, the ear with its surrounding semi-circles of hair, and above that the lines of the general coiffure, as well-made furrows on a hill.

Here is another bottle, taller, and just as interesting. There also the ear is prominent in the circular movement above, underneath is a suggestion of the lobe dragged down by the weight of a heavy ear-ring. The three lines of that ear-ring, as seen on the figure, have been amalgamated into triangles at the very bottom of the vessel. There is another scent-bottle with a most satisfactory decoration which looks like bubbles ascending from the bottom of the sea. Turned upside down it becomes, not obvious, but comprehensible, that this is based on a human countenance. The two big ovals are the eyes, the straight line widening a little is the nose, the marks at the side may be seen in the photograph of the fetish, and the *cheval-de-frise* is the beard.

M. Vuitton is one of those lucky people who, in looking at anything, sees not only what it is but what it may be. He has before now made a mirror of turtle-shell and silver of which the handle was nothing but a representation of a paddle used by a nigger. The same idea inspired a comb which might have been used by one of the beauties who illuminated the reign of Louis XIII.

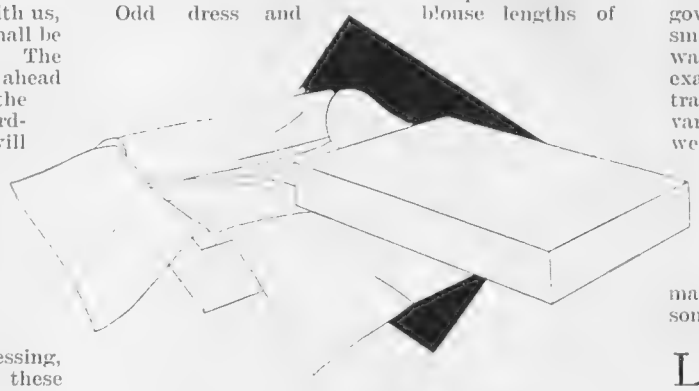
Now is BARGAIN TIME



Although the season of parties is still with us, before we have time to realize it we shall be confronted with many serious problems. The "Going back to school day" is not so far ahead that we can afford for long to ignore the dilapidated condition of Smith Minor's wardrobe, or even the fact that his older sister will require many important additions to her school outfit this term—and shortly afterwards spring-cleaning time will be here, and with it the question of how much one can afford to spend in endeavouring to make a "new house for old."

It sounds depressing, yet most of these troubles will find adequate answer in the opportunities that are offered in the sales this year. A visit to Hampton's, of Pall Mall, during their sale, which commenced on Jan. 1, will help to solve at least one problem. For there you will see, beside the usual large selection of modern and antique furniture, attractive furnishing fabrics of every description and fascinating decorative accessories for the home—all at greatly reduced prices.

The illustration at the lower left-hand corner is typical of the frocks, for day and evening wear, included in Gorringes winter sale, which commences on Monday, January 5. The gown has a chic coatee to match and the ensemble costs only 6 guineas. Particularly interesting reductions are Nutria lamb coats at 18 guineas, serviceable fur-trimmed coats, some as cheap as 45s., a large selection of silver fox furs, many of which can be bought from 8 to 35 guineas. Suitable materials for dresses and lingerie are always a practical and economical sale-time purchase, and Gorringes have an exceedingly wide selection of inexpensive fabrics. Odd dress and blouse lengths of



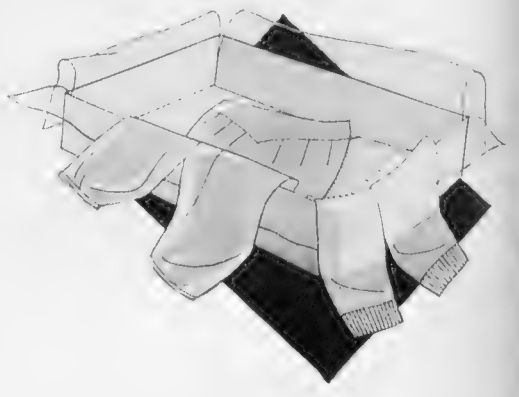
"Viyella" in a wide range of designs will be sold at 2s. per yard—good quality marocains and satins at 5s. per yard—to name only a few.

Marked reductions in the price of children's clothes have been made. For instance, the illustrated catalogue shows a man-tailored coat of tweed, suitable for the schoolgirl for early spring, of which the sale price is 29s. 6d., and a knitted skating suit at 35s. There is also a baby's dressing-gown made of ripple cloth in a variety of colours, which costs only 7s. 6d. Neither has the schoolboy been overlooked; for the very young there are smart overcoats at 18s. 6d., and for his elder brother lounge suits from 34s. 6d.

The winter sale of the Galeries Lafayette starts also on January 5. Shoes, lingerie, and the thousand and one dress accessories that have become so essentially a part of the wardrobe of the chic woman, are now unbelievably reduced. Galeries Lafayette issue no sales catalogue, they simply offer to their customers at markedly reduced prices the stock that remains after the Christmas shopping.

Debenham and Freebody's winter sale should be the Mecca of every smart woman. It commences on Monday, January 5, and lasts for three weeks. Every Friday and Saturday is Remnant Day. Here will be found a variety of inexpensive day and evening gowns, especially smart sports and walking suits (an example of which is illustrated on the right), a great variety of smart woollies—well-cut cardigans and jumpers for 1 guinea each—tweed and pleated skirts from 21s., and short leather coats for 78s. 6d. Man-tailored suits can be made to order for the reasonable price of 8½ guineas.

Lingerie of great variety is to be found among the bargains at Woollands of Knightsbridge during the sale commencing on January 5. And lingerie nowadays may combine warmth and practicability with chic. Do not forget this fact when you are supplementing your outfit at the winter sales.



The WORLD of WOMEN

POTTERY *for the* MODERN HOME

Obviously the fashion for modern furniture and decorations must create a demand for accessories and ornaments in a similar style.

It is interesting to compare modern pottery from Paris with the latest wares produced in this country. At first the tendency of Continental craftsmen was to decorate bowls and vases with brilliant futuristic and mathematical patterns, very similar to those seen on the new rugs and carpets. This kind of pottery is still produced; but there is also a noticeable tendency towards greater quietness and restraint. Much of the latest pottery is glazed entirely in one colour, and there is even a ware which resembles matt silver.

Two pieces in blue pottery by Lallemant, who has abandoned sporting designs. The flowers are made of rolled gold, silver, and copper foils

Duck and dog form the *motifs* of these new ash trays, while the powder box is of brilliant silver pottery. The flowers in the brown bowl are made of coloured metal foils set on wire stems

French pottery by Jean Luce becomes increasingly popular. Here is a clock in a curious grey-tone clay, highly glazed, a decorated powder box or bonbonnière, and an ash tray, *Inset above* is a striking lustre coffee set in orange, blue, and cream

Where decoration is employed it is confined to one or two colours contrasting with the background; and an important source of decorative appeal is obtained by modelling the ware to represent quaint pictorial summarizations of animals and fishes.

The English pottery is far simpler though by no means without its distinctive charm. Apart from the productions of craftsmen working in the "peasant" style and producing hand-thrown ware there is much delightful modern pottery, the appeal of which arises from the use of bright contrasting colours. One most attractive coffee set is decorated with bands of orange, blue, and cream. There is no "pattern" beyond that suggested by well-arranged areas of contrasting colour, but the spirit of this coffee set is very modern without being in the least eccentric.

Some of this new ware is decorated with metallic lustre glazes which sparkle and flash with gorgeous green, red, orange, and blue flame-like colours.

B. B.

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

KASHMIR — Its Temples and Mosques

A Country Rich in Natural Beauties and Ecclesiastical Relics

By W. BOSSHARD,

Leader of the Recent Ethnographical Expedition into Central Asia

THE THRONE OF SOLOMON: North of ancient Srinagar stands this great temple on the hill Takh-i-Suleiman, the sacred mountain of the Hindus of the valley

Like tremendous waves, the various religions of the East have swept over the valley of Kashmir, and each of them has left its distinct traces.

The temple ruins of Martand, which lie on a high plateau about thirty miles south-west of Srinagar, where the Lidar valley issues forth from the mountains, constitute one of the most ancient and at the same time one of the most magnificent edifices of the past. The meadows and fields slope gently towards the river Jhelum, softly undulating hills form the transition to the spurs of the Himalaya, and in the distance glitter the bluey snow-clad peaks of the Pir Panjal range. The situation of this ruined temple city is, without doubt, one of the most glorious in the whole valley. From here the view extends over a plateau of sixty miles in breadth and about 100 miles in length. This view must indeed have been magnificent at the time when a mighty lake covered the entire valley, stretching from what is now Baramulla to Islamabad.

Whether the temples were built at that period is open to question, but the possibility of such an assumption is certainly given in view of their position on an ancient valley terrace.

The time of their erection is a moot point; some ascribe their origin to King Ramadiva, who is said to have reigned about the year 3,000 before Christ. Others, foremost Sir Aurel Stein, who must be recognized as the leading authority on the subject, place their origin as late as from the fourth to the sixth century of our era.

As a result of Sir Aurel's investigations, Lattaditya would appear to have gathered around him a circle of artists, sculptors, and architects, and settled down here after returning from his glorious campaign through India, Tibet, and a portion of Central Asia.

What is still to be seen of the ruins is doubtless but a part of the ancient city whose stones, like those of Rome, were made to serve in the building of the surrounding villages. But even those scanty remains are sufficiently imposing to give us an idea of their former beauty. In the midst of a huge court enclosed by eighty-four columns, rises the temple proper that was dedicated to the Sun-God. The number, eighty-four, resulting from the multiplication of the days of the week by the number of the signs of the zodiac, is still now regarded by the Hindus as sacred. Several of these columns show splendidly sculptured details which do full credit te the unknown artist. A great number of earthenware vessels, in which formerly rice was kept, have been excavated from the ground of this court. Now they stand empty but undamaged, and as if they had only been brought yesterday to where they are now placed. Across foot-worn steps and rubbish heaps the way leads up to the main building. Colossal blocks of hewn stones, lying one upon the other, culminate at a height of some 50 ft. in a tripartite arch which is repeated on the remaining three fronts. The outer richly ornamented walls enclose the sanctuary, to which two more halls are linked. The former is devoid of any decoration whatsoever, while the latter are amply provided with niches and ornamental fillings. The roof is entirely missing.

The Martand ruins, in their lofty grandeur with their doric capitals, their portals, and fables, recall Greek architecture, while the enclosing columns point to Roman models.

Not far from Martand, a few miles up the valley, overhanging the river Lidar, lie the rock temples of Bhumzu, which go back to the legendary time of the year 1000 before Christ. On the road connecting Islamabad with Srinagar stands the town that was once Avantipur, built by King Avanti-Varma, who reigned from 854 to 883 of our era. Like so many of the monuments of ancient Rome, Avantipur, too, has sunk into the earth, and there is a descent of many feet into the excavated temples. Mighty, richly-ornamented walls rise from the ground, fallen columns and spare remains of figured scenes tell of past greatness and beauty; all speak in clear language of a glorious past and a deep feeling for art in which the present inhabitants of the valley are lacking.

The general disposition bears a resemblance to the ruined temple city of Martand, but the noble forms and fine proportions are missing. The last important monuments of ancient times south of Srinagar are found at Pampur and Pandrenthan. In the former place the site of an early Hindu temple is indicated by a heap of stones. Fluted columns and carved slabs have been utilised in the building of the tomb of a Muhammadan saint, while the scant grass that grows on this once sacred soil serves to feed the goats and sheep.

Pandrenthan, a corrupt Sanskrit word meaning "the old capital," is the site of ancient Srinagar which was destroyed by a devastating fire in the year 960 of our era. The sole remaining witness is a small Hindu temple that had been kept from ruin by the water-drains surrounding it. The ornaments and sculptures adorning the roof are of such classical purity that they might be taken from Greek or Roman originals.

Not far from this sanctuary are the sparse remains of a mighty Buddha, such as we still see in Burma, Siam, and distant Japan. The figure is thought to date from the time of King Asoka, a convert to Buddhism.

Turning our gaze from ancient Srinagar northwards, we behold on the steep-rising Takh-i-Suleiman a temple which on account of its marvellous position and proximity to the capital may be said to be most frequently visited. Takh-i-Suleiman, in English, Solomon's throne, is deemed by the Hindus of the valley the sacred mountain. The origin of the temple is placed in the year 300 B.C., but according to other sources its foundations were laid by King Asoka, 264–223 B.C., the builder of the Pandrenthan. The place is still today visited by the numerous followers of Buddha of the far-off Ladakh, though none but Hindus have access to the interior of the temple. It is assumed that the present building is of more recent date, as the original walls were destroyed by an earthquake. A mighty flight of stairs is supposed to have led from the river to the mountain, 300 metres above the level of the valley, the stones of which were later used for the building of a Muhammadan temple. In the fifth century after Christ the temple was restored by one of the reigning princes, and King Laladit, the founder of Martand, enlarged the building. At night-time it is lit up by big searchlights and shines like a near star.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE HAIR OF THE PROPHET is a treasure of the Hazratbal Mosque and is shown to believers. The centre figure before Baldachin holds the hair in a glass

Many of these old Buddhistic and Hindu temples were destroyed by order of King Sikandar, a fanatical Muhammadan, who came to the throne in 1394. He set out with zeal to extirpate Hinduism, reduced the magnificent Martand to ruins, built houses and towns with the stones of former temples, caused ancient books and documents to be thrown into the lake, leaving to the inhabitants of the valley three alternatives: death, conversion, or exile. Muhammadanism, from the first a militant religion, has ever since retained the upper hand. The Hindus, whose faith is of a contemplative nature, form scarcely one-tenth of the entire population. The mosques of the followers of Islam are thus in the majority, whereas but few Hindu temples have survived. The finest mosque in Srinagar is the Jumna Masyid that lies at the southern foot of the mountain, Nari Parbat.

A big open court, planted with old plantains, is enclosed by a wide corridor, the roof of which is borne by mighty cedar stems. This mosque has recently been restored by an English architect who, out of a semi-dilapidated building, through the roof of which sun and rain had free access, has erected an imposing edifice.

On Friday, the sabbath of the Muhammadans, the believers in the Koran assemble here to pray. They all stream through the four gates which are crowned with slender towers richly adorned with carvings, and fill the great court. Priests begin the ritual of the service, and it is an impressive sight to watch the huge silent assembly absorbed in worship. During prayers proper they kneel striking the earth three times with their foreheads; as cornfields swept by the wind so do the waves seem to ripple in this movement from front to rear. After prayers they sit in groups listening to the words of numerous priests who, from a primitive pulpit, read verses from the Koran and every now and again intone a song. This singing is exceedingly melodious and flatters our ears that seldom find delight in Asiatic music.

There is a total absence of all figure work, the sole decoration consisting in sentences from the Koran which here and there glitter in big Arabic characters.

The Jumna Masyid is the only mosque in Srinagar to which women have access: their place, however, is in a dark side corridor where they sit on the floor, holding their children in their arms or to their suckling breasts, their faces covered with a kind of sack-shaped dress, listening to the words of the priest.

On the river, near the third bridge, called Fatch Kadal, lies the Shah Hamadan mosque, which for years has been the bone of contention between Hindus and Muhammadans. It was founded in the fourth century by Mir Sayid Ali Hamadan by destroying an ancient Hindu temple.

BUCHANAN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

WORLD RENOWNED
FOR
AGE AND QUALITY

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW.

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

A PRAISEWORTHY EXCEPTION.—Last week I commented very strongly upon what appeared to me to be inaction on the part of British motor manufacturers on the Continent. No sooner had I written my notes and dispatched them to the printer than I learnt that the well-known firm of distributors, Messrs. Rootes Ltd. recently exhibited a fine display of Hillman and Humber cars at the Brussels Exhibition. These cars evidently made quite a favourable impression on those who saw them and I am not at all surprised; in fact, I believe that a foreigner has only to test a British-made motor-car and he will have no other. In this connection it gives me great pleasure to give publicity to the opinion of Monsieur Reyniers, a well-known Brussels distributor, concerning the Hillman and Humber cars which he has recently driven. In a letter to an English friend he says, "I have tested both the Humber and Hillman cars which are six- and eight-cylinder models, and I must confess that they are really extraordinary. Their acceleration equals that of the best American car. Their bodies are exceedingly luxurious and of a finish equalling that of our leading coach-builders. They are cars of great dignity and very fine appearance." I must congratulate Messrs. Rootes on their efforts, but as one swallow does not make a summer we must ask the manufacturers or representatives of other British-made motor-cars to do their bit on the Continent.

In connection with Messrs. Rootes Ltd. who are the world exporters for Humber and Hillman cars and Commer commercial vehicles, it gives me great pleasure to announce that they have decided to launch an aggressive attack upon the South American market.

With this end in view a resident representative for South America has been appointed and sailed for the Argentine on December 4, accompanied by a Service engineer (who has had considerable technical experience in that country) and a fleet of demonstration cars. This contingent has been followed by the actual cars which are to be exhibited at the Buenos Aires Exhibition, at which Rootes Ltd. have taken stand space exceeding 3,000 sq. ft.—the largest stand in the Motor Section. Each of the three makes will be represented by four vehicles, and although it is not possible yet to give full particulars of the various models, it can be said that they will include one of the new 8-cylinder Hillman Vortic saloons, while the well-known Snipe, 16–50 h.p., and Pullman cars will be prominent amongst the Humber exhibits, and the Commer models will range up to 6–7 ton capacity. In addition to these exhibits a Commer Invader chassis is now on its way to the Argentine in order to be fitted with a locally-built eighteen-seater bus body.

APPOSITE TO THE OCCASION: H.M. the Queen of Spain with her Austin Twenty Ranelagh saloon outside Kensington Palace, where she stayed during her recent visit to this country

ROOTES' OVERSEAS SPARES SYSTEM.—It is the policy of Rootes Ltd. in South America and elsewhere in the export markets of the world, to w through the medium of distributors who are alre established in the countries concerned, and to make of their retail and wholesale selling organizations. has, however, been decided to appoint distributor first-class reputation only, and not to make use of second class houses. Rootes Ltd. realize that essence of successful selling in overseas market centred upon the question of spare parts and service, their service policy overseas is founded upon this es tial. It is designed to give the buyer of cars and c mercial vehicles every confidence he will, when required, be able receive instant attention and imme supplies of spare parts.

Moreover, all distributors appo will, under their agreement, take stock a comprehensive selection of parts at the same time as they ob delivery of their first cars, a policy w has already been put into actio certain other overseas markets. R Ltd. realize that a great deal of e and money will necessarily have t expended in their attack upon the S American market, and they do under-estimate the difficulties atte upon their endeavour.

CONSERVATIVE ENTERPRISE.—I am also pleased to note though established since 1760, a W End firm of coachbuilders, Thrupp Maberly, Ltd., do not allow traditi impede the course of progress. Th clearly shown by their decision t hibit a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce with one of their beautifully des bodies at the forthcoming Buenos Exhibition next March. The bod be a sporting cabriolet de ville of distinctive d finished in black cellulose, set off by fine lining. The speedy appearance, which should attractive to South American motorists, is enh by helmet type wings, louvred step casings, and st lined platform steps. For practical travelling pur a special panelled trunk has been fitted at the This holds two valise cases and, rather than detr from the lines of the body, as is usually the this accessory is part and parcel of the desig whole.

"The Guardsman Who Dropped It"

A UNIQUE GIFT

A Collection of Pictures by H. M. BATEMAN, the famous TATLER Artist

"The Second Lieutenant Who Joined His Regiment Complete with Wife"

There can be no more welcome Gift than one of the Pictures by H. M. BATEMAN, printed in full colours.

The Series, in addition to those illustrated, includes:—

"The Man Who Begged to Differ from His Mother-in-Law"
"And Now, Dear Admiral, tell us all about the Battle of Jutland!"
"The Cad Who Was Improperly Dressed on the Lido"
"The Curate Who Saw Red"
"The Débutante" "Very Well Meant"
"The Man Who Crept into the Royal Enclosure in a Bowler"
"Behind the Scenes at Wellington Barracks"
"Stand Easy" "The Favourite Wins"
"The Man Who Missed the Ball on the First Tee at St. Andrews"
"The Man Who Lit His Cigar before the Royal Toast"

"The Man Who Threw a Snowball at St. Moritz"

"The Umpire Who Confessed He Wasn't Looking"
"The Third Encore"
"Figaro Chez Lui"
"The Girl Who Ordered a Glass of Milk at the Café Royal"
"The Discovery of a Dandelion on the Centre Court at Wimbledon"
"The Croupiers Who Showed Signs of Emotion"
"The Man Who Bid Half-a-Guinea at Tattersall's"
"The Etonian Who was Asked to Play 'Nuts and May,'" etc., etc.

Small Reproductions in Half-tone of the Entire Series will be sent post free on application.

Size of Work 14×10 ins., on plate sunk mount 25×20 ins. Copies **10/6** each.

Signed Artist's Proofs, **20/-** each.

Postage 6d. extra.

Order with remittance to be sent to Dept. "E."—

THE TATLER, INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

It's Unique and Stunning

11th SEASON

DEC. 22 to JAN. 24

BERTRAM MILLS'

CIRCUS

GRAND HALL

OLYMPIA

TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 7.30

Reserved Seats 10/6, 7/6, 5/9, 3/6 Unreserved 2/4

BOX OFFICE OLYMPIA W 14

Riverside 2727 (5 lines)

and usual Agencies and Libraries

Admission to FUN FAIR ONLY, 1/2

"The Magic of Islam."

NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS

Verdure and blossom . . . . Peak and chasm . . . . Mosque and minaret . . . . Ghostly ruins and teeming bazaars . . . Golden sands and glittering seguias . . . princely palaces and mud cities . . . Sunset and the Muezzin.

A magnificent tour in the land of the stork, the scarlet ibis and the golden date —the land of blood-red dawn, gorgeous sunset, and peerless translucent night.

ALGERIA—TUNISIA—MOROCCO
THE SAHARA

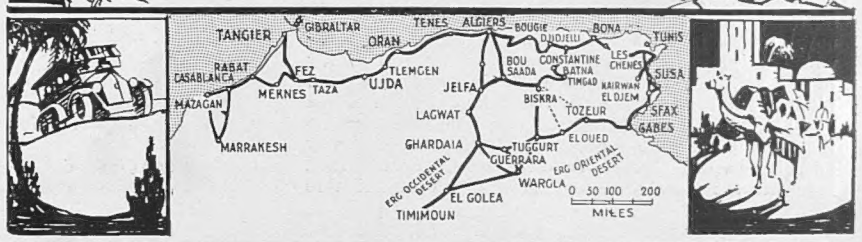
But to see the Sahara's greatest wonders you must get to the South.

Private Independent Tours by *Modèle de Luxe* 4-seater landaulet-limousines. Arrange the route and details yourself, but let us assist with expert advice. Tours for separate bookings by 14-seater coaches running to scheduled itineraries. 125 to choose from.

Forty-four of the famous "Transatlantique" hotels erected especially for these tours. The "Transatlantique" hotels open in mid-December and the tours commence from that date.

A booklet, ready in a few days, will be sent on application.

FRENCH LINE
Compagnie Générale
TRANSATLANTIQUE, Ld.
20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1



How far is it from—
Leeds to Launceston?
Reading to Rhyl?

The TATLER

Road MILEAGE Chart

will tell you!

A new and useful "gadget" for Motorists. Slides easily, folds flat, showing the most important towns in England, Scotland and Wales. A total of over 7,250 mileages is given. Send for one To-day.

Price 3s. 6d. **Post Free 3s. 10d.**

Obtainable from all principal Newsagents and Bookstalls, or direct from "The Tatler," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE "PORTHOLE" CLOCK

FOR LOVERS OF THE SEA

This is a clock of singular originality and charm. Through the porthole (an exact replica in miniature of a ship's "window") the eye rests upon a brilliant seascape, and the illusion of looking out to sea is complete. The seascape is an *original* (not printed) painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., and no two clocks are therefore alike. As any picture can be painted to individual requirements, the owner of a clock can convert the porthole into a private "magic casement" peculiarly his own. The clock is made in polished brass and stands on a mahogany plinth. Height 9 ins.

Price £15 15 0

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

MARMALADE

In 1870 a twenty-four-year old grocer at Colne, Lancashire, had reason to come to the aid of a local fruit preserver whose deliveries of jam were not to his satisfaction. In order that his customers might not be disappointed, the Colne grocer set to and prepared the required jam himself. By this historic act of good business was born the great firm of Wm. P. Hartley, Ltd., probably the largest and most widely-known jam firm in the world—for that Colne grocer was its founder, Wm. Pickles Hartley, afterwards Sir William, merchant prince and philanthropist. Commencing with a dozen workpeople, who produced a hundred tons of jam the first year, growth has been so enormous that to-day the model works at Aintree and London are equipped to store no less than twenty million jars of jam and marmalade at one time. There are tastes in marmalade that are not met by the existing articles on the market, and to meet the situation a new Hartley marmalade is to be produced directly the supply of new season's Seville oranges are to hand. It will be new in flavour, appearance, and consistency. It is called "Bitter Sweet," a truly descriptive title for the aromatic bitter taste released directly the teeth pierce the thick, mellow, tender pieces of delicious peel afloat in the most succulent of sweet jelly. Appropriately enough, this new product was ceremoniously christened by Miss Evelyn Laye, the heroine (who has just left the cast) of the Noel Coward Operette, *Bitter Sweet*, still running at His Majesty's Theatre.

"H.M.V." ACTIVITIES

The latest thing in sales-aids—a demonstration record—is being supplied to music dealers to assist in the marketing of the new "His Master's Voice" radio-gramophone, Model 521. This novel salesman tells in clear, simple language exactly what this instrument will do, how simply long and short wave stations are obtained, how easily the instrument can be adjusted either for radio reception or gramophone records at a volume to suit any room. In effect this record is a concise description of the possibilities of this complete home entertainer. The phenomenon of the 521 "speaking for itself" is most convincing. On the other side of this novel record is an attractive march tune "Victory," which fully demonstrates the outstanding musical quality of the 521. Such instruments as the violin, trumpet, piccolo, and grand-organ are heard in turn, and also a vocal chorus ending with the glory of a full orchestra. To their sets of complete operas "His Master's Voice" now adds Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, an established favourite the world over. This worthy companion to

NOTES and NEWS

Rigoletto, *La Bohème*, *La Tosca*, *Pagliacci*, and *Madame Butterfly*, is an all-star production by the principals of La Scala Opera House, Milan, with full chorus and orchestra, giving the true Italian tone and quality. In quite another sphere, yet equally acceptable, will be the vocal gems with orchestra from *Miss Hook of Holland*, that Paul Rubens delight of yester-year and an ear enchanter for the young folk of to-day. Every word of the festive ditties, set to the most tripping of airs, comes out with bell-like clarity and every home will revel in such gladsome verses as "The Flying Dutchman," "Soldiers of the Netherlands," "A Pretty Pink Petty from Peter," and "Little Miss Wooden Shoes." Franz Lehar is again all the rage, largely through the successful London presentation of his operetta, *Frederica*, and most attractive are the renderings of "Nothing But Laughter" and "Thine is My Whole Heart," sung in German by Marcel Wittrisch with Marek Weber and his orchestra.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Among other records published by this famous firm we have received the following: "Roxburgh Castle" and "Lennox Love to Blantyre"; "Lord MacDonald's Reel" and "Rothesay Country Dance"; "The Bottom of the Punch Bowl" and "Teviot Bridge," all Scottish Country Dances (the last two arranged by M. Diack, and the first four arranged by H. Wiseman). The National Folk Dance Orchestra, conducted by Stanford Robinson, three records. "Old Time Comedians—Vocal Memories." Frank Wood, comedian, with orchestra, two parts, one record. "Epilogue—Youth and Age." The Wireless Singers. Reader: Stuart Hibberd, two parts, one record. "Epilogue—The Earth is the Lord's." The Wireless Singers. Reader: The Hon. David Tennant, two parts, one record. "For a Birthday" (Elton and Besly) and "A Song of Praise" (Lee and Beney); Dame Clara Butt, contralto, with piano. "L'Angelus" (Traditional), in French, and "The Rosary" (Rogers and Nevin); Dame Clara Butt, contralto, with piano, organ, and bells. "My Treasure" (Barr and Trevalsa) and "The Sweetest Flower that Blows" (Peterson and Hawley); Dame Clara Butt, contralto, with piano. "The Railway Guard" (Fyffe and McKenzie) and "Macpherson's Wedding Breakfast" (Will Fyffe), Will Fyffe, Scottish comedian, with orchestra. "Yonder" (Teschemacher and Oliver), with organ and piano, and "Husheen" (Fahy and Needham), Dame Clara Butt, contralto, with piano.

STUDDINGTON TOP COATS

For one month, commencing December 29, Messrs. Studd and Millington are offering the whole of their ready-to-wear stock at a discount of 33⅓ per cent. off marked prices in both ladies and gentlemen's sections. These garments were made in the firm's own workshops, and are principally display and demonstration models. They are all of the finest materials in exclusive woollens and constitute a real investment in every case. They can be obtained at 51, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W., and 67–69, Chancery Lane, Holborn, W.C.

HIGHLAND QUEEN

New Year's Day is the greatest occasion of the year in Scotland, and this thought inevitably brings its corollary in its train—the thought of Scotch whisky. Of the many fine brands of this "festive spirit" there is none to surpass Highland Queen whisky. No dearer than other brands—it costs 12s. 6d. a bottle—Highland Queen may be obtained in attractive fancy cases of half-a-dozen bottles as well as in single units.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Child-lovers, as well as all who enjoy a thoroughly good play, will like to know that that well-known body of amateurs, the Pall Mall Players, are to produce the thrilling play *The Barton Mystery*, in aid of the funds of Esher Place Girls' Home, which is one of the Shaftesbury Homes, on the evenings of Friday January 9 and Saturday January 10, at the New Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.1., at 8.15 p.m. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., who is President of the Society, and H.H. the Princess Helena Victoria, G.B.E., have graciously consented to accord these performances their patronage. There is likely to be a good demand for tickets, which may be obtained at the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Prices: Stalls, 21s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 21s., 10s. 6d.; Circle, 5s. 9d.; Upper Circle, 3s. 6d., 2s. 4d.; Boxes by arrangement.

Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

TAKEN at meal-time, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road, London, S.E. 1

VICHY ETAT

THE HELIOPOLIS PALACE HOTEL

WINTER IN EGYPT AT CAIRO

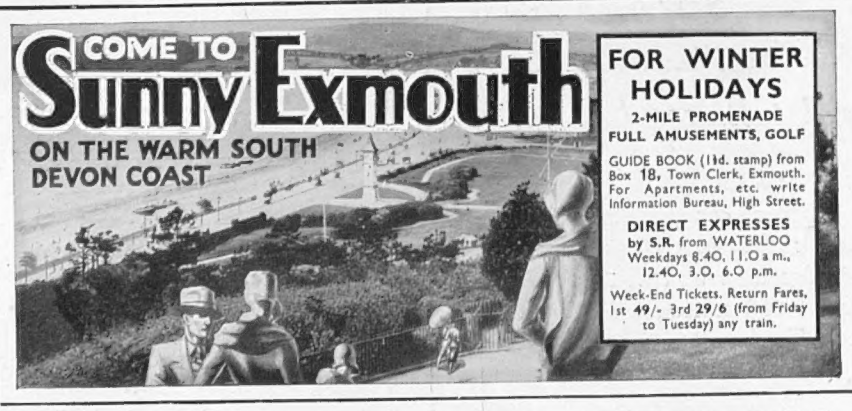
Opening 20th Decembe

The World's most luxurious Resort Hotel. 400 rooms with bath and suites with private sitting rooms. Special terms till February and for prolonged stay. Excellent (18 hole) GOLF COURSE - TENNIS - CRICKET RACING - POLO. Representative meets all steamers at Alexandria

TELEGRAMS PALACE HELIOPOLIS, EGYPT

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. 3



"My Hunting Sketch Book"

Written and Illustrated by
LIONEL EDWARDS,
including 15 Plates in Colour.

A MOST DELIGHTFUL GIFT BOOK

Limited Edition de Luxe £4.4.0 net
Bound in Linen ... £1.1.0 net

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD. (Publishers)
6, Great New Street, E.C. 4

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL.

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—**"The Sphere's" Bureau, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C. 2**

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. *January* 3, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Contentment—

Smokers who come to 'Country Life' after a painstaking trial of other tobaccos are impressed with its remarkable freshness

"Player's Country Life" TOBACCO

1/0½D per oz. & 2oz. pocket tins at 2/1D

C L 2.

BLUE STAR LUXURY CRUISES

BY THE WORLD-FAMOUS CRUISING SHIP

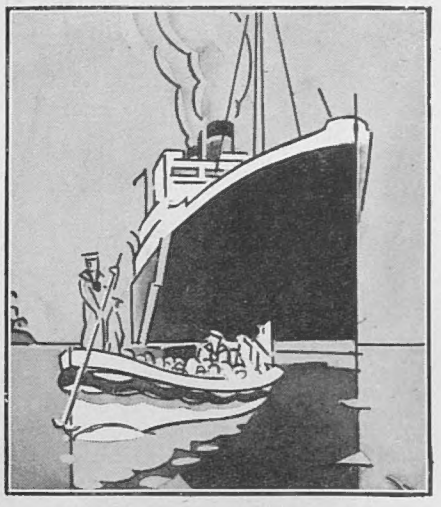
'ARANDORA STAR'

With perfect cuisine and service.

JAN. 24th—MAR. 11th TO THE

WEST INDIES

Visiting Las Palmas, Porto Rico, Barbados, Trinidad, Port of Spain, Panama Canal, Jamaica, Haiti, Santiago de Cuba, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda, Madeira.



MARCH 20th, 1931

EASTER in the HOLY LAND and MEDITERRANEAN, 29 days

Calling at Tangier, Palma (Mallorca), Malta, Derna (Cyrenaica), Port Said (for Cairo), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Larnaka (Cyprus), Haifa, Beirut, Rhodes, Sousse (for Kairouan), Algiers.

APRIL 23rd, 1931

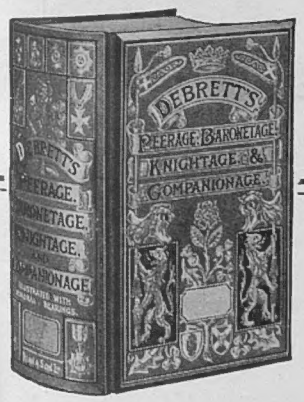
25 days to the **MEDITERRANEAN**

Visiting Tangier, Naples (for Vesuvius & Pompeii), Rhodes, Istambul, Phaleron Bay (for Athens), Tripoli, Malta, Algiers.

For full particulars of these and other forthcoming cruises apply—

THE BLUE STAR LINE

3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. (Gerrard 5671.) Liverpool—10 Water St.
And Principal Tourist Agents.



The Standard Peerage for 1931

NOW READY

A BOOK OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST

Includes latest corrections and New Honours conferred. Essential to Everyone.

DEBRETT'S

PEERAGE (with Index to Courtesy Titles)

BARONETAGE (with Index)

KNIGHTAGE (with Issue)

and COMPANIONAGE (Biographical)

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

A Veritable Dictionary giving millions of facts and dates

Edited by ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE

Clear, accurate, and easy of Reference. All Alphabetically arranged. Illustrated with Armorial Bearings. Over 3,400 pages.

Cloth Gilt (Complete Edition), Royal 8vo, 75/- net; or in Two Vols., Peerage and Titles of Courtesy, 35/- net; and Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 45/- net. Special thin paper Edition (complete work bound in Limp Morocco), 120/- net.

DEAN & SON, Ltd.,

Debrett House, 29, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2

TRIUMPH

SCORPION—the least expensive luxury 6-cyl. cars, from £220

Super Seven models from £162 10s.—the finest Small Car in the world. Write for catalogue Triumph Motor Company, Limited, Coventry. London: 218 Great Portland Street, W.1.

HOTEL BRITANNIA & BEAU SITE

MENTON, ALPES MAR.

An English Hotel facing sea in a large sunny garden. From 4 guineas.

ARLES

HOTEL JULES CÉSAR

Monastery transformed into luxurious Hotel. Modern in Every Way.

Same Management Hotel Imperator, NIMES.

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices. G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent

RAWLINGS

SODA WATER

For GOOD SPIRITS

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" Publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

RUBINAT-LLORACH

NATURAL APERIENT MINERAL WATER

British Medical Journal says:—

RUBINAT-LLORACH

"A comparatively small dose suffices—a wine-glassful (fasting)."

RUBINAT - LLORACH

Of all Chemists, Drug Stores, etc.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

THE SHILLING MAY BUY MORE IN 1931

BUT NOT A BETTER MAGAZINE THAN

BRITANNIA AND EVE

"She had been with him often before: done a Henley Saturday afternoon with him, played tennis with his party at Ranelagh, gone for long drives—dangerous with passion—to dine with him out in the country. Every time she had thought to herself what it might mean; but she had been so unsure. She had looked into the distance at the anxious years . . . But she had never let go, yet.

Now within her reach were happiness and safety. She was a lovely girl; and this night she had a quality of such unearthly brilliance that, just for her moment, she could have had the whole restaurant at her feet.

They rose and danced merely to be in each other's arms.

A woman had small, practical thoughts even in the midst of the love-making on the homeward drive. She didn't want him to come up to her tiny flat and see it in the unattractive disorder in which she had been obliged to leave it to-night. . . .

In "EVERYWOMAN". Part I. by MAY EDGINTON — A brilliant problem portrait of Modern Marriage.

A NEW PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE

It is the dream of every woman to shop in Paris. The tales of Parisian chic and originality are both fabulous and well founded — yet how few of us can afford the time or the money, can leave our homes and families on such an errand!

Commencing with the current issue, BRITANNIA & EVE will illustrate many articles of personal and home adornment peculiarly Parisian, which will be bought for you in Paris and sent to you post free by the new BRITANNIA & EVE Shopping Service.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW OF THIS SERVICE

"PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GANGSTER" by C. Patrick Thompson
"EVERYWOMAN" Part I; By May Edginton
"BERLIN AFTER DARK" by Negley Farson
SOCIETY IN CARICATURE by Autori
"STRAIGHT FROM PRISON" by Christine Jope-Slade
"THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS" by Arthur Mills
"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY"; THE STORY OF JOANNA THE CRUEL, described by Norman Hill. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"SHOULD MEN TAKE THE BLAME . . . ?" by Rosita Forbes
"WHEN FREDERICK LONSDALE WAS BROKE" by William Pollock
"EMA, EMA, E" by Beatrice Grimshaw
"TELEVISION" by Hannen Swaffer
"THE EXPANSION OF SCREEN SCOPE" by Sydney Tremayne
"DESERT BRED" by Achmed Abdulla
"BOOKS" by Arnold Palmer
"THE GERMAN GIRL—AND HER GRANDMOTHER" by Jan and Cora Gordon
"THE RED FLAG": THE DRAGON WAKES, by F. Britten Austin
"PARISIANA" by H. Pearl Adam
"PARTIES FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION"
WHAT IS BEING WORN IN LONDON TO-DAY BY THE REALLY SMART WOMAN
"YOUR PEN GIVES YOU AWAY" by Robert Saudek
"THE LADY ON THE SCALE" by C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne

NEW Features. NEW Ideas. NEW Stories—as good as the old ones that have made Britannia and Eve famous the world over.

THE JANUARY ISSUE IS ON SALE NOW — EVERYWHERE

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. *January* 3, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.